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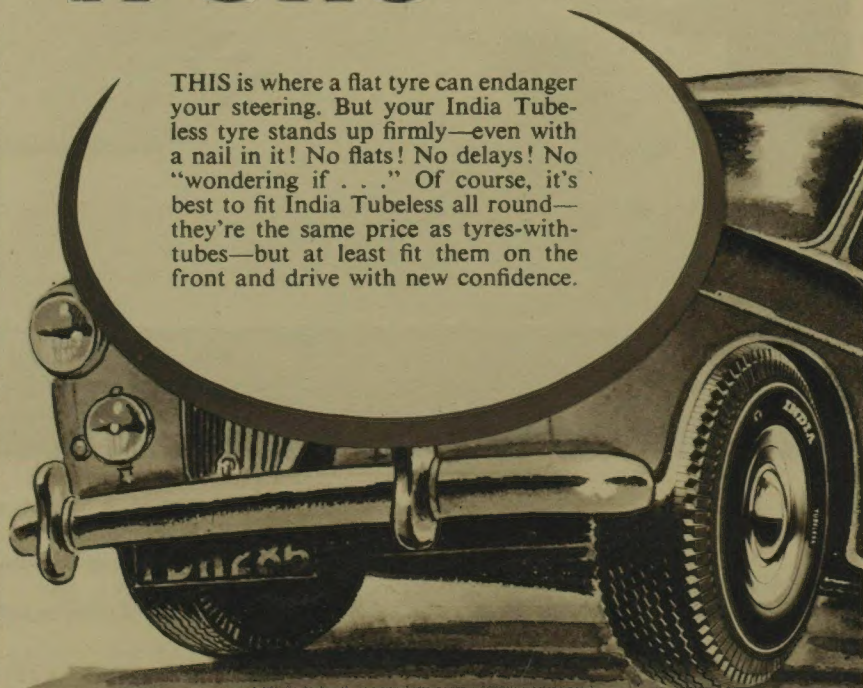
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ROVER REVIEWED

JOHN EASON GIBSON, leading British motoring writer had this to say of the Rover in *Country Life* (1.3.56).

"The Rover is one of those cars to which one becomes more and more attached as the miles are covered . . . it combines, to an unusual extent, comfort, silence, performance and economy. Allied to these qualities is an outstanding impression of refinements, sadly lacking in so many modern cars. A stranger to the car would be surprised at finding out how high an average speed he was maintaining without having made any conscious effort to drive fast."

THE AUTOCAR (23.9.55), summed up Rover quality as follows :

"No other manufacturer in the price range could justly claim a higher standard of workmanship, of good taste or of mechanical refinement on the road."

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1956.



ON ROYAL HUNT CUP DAY: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARRIVING AT ASCOT ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE MEETING.



AN EXCITING WIN: THE QUEEN'S HORSE *ALEXANDER* (NEAREST CAMERA) WINNING THE ROYAL HUNT CUP FROM *JASPE* (FAR SIDE OF COURSE).

AT ROYAL ASCOT: ROYAL SPECTATORS AND A ROYAL VICTORY.

Although the weather was grey and overcast for much of the time during the Ascot Meeting, making fur wraps as plentiful as grey top hats, there were large crowds each day and the cold winds which blew across the heath did not appear to damp the enthusiasm of the racegoers. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drove from Windsor Castle each day and transferred into open carriages for the traditional ceremonial drive down the course. Other members of the Royal family, and their guests, followed in other landaus.

On the second day of the meeting, June 20, the Queen's horse *Alexander*, the favourite, won the Royal Hunt Cup to the delight of the crowd. It was an extremely exciting race, with *Alexander*, ridden by W. Carr, finishing on the stand rails, and *Jaspe*, owned by Lady Ursula Vernon and ridden by W. R. Johnstone, finishing on the far side of the course. The judge called for a photograph which showed that *Alexander* had won by half a length, with *Blue Robe* third and *Kenmore* fourth.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"VANITY of vanities," saith the Preacher, "vanity of vanities; all is vanity. The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun. All is vanity and vexation of spirit." One of these things is transport and the congestion, hurly-burly and rush of the London traffic. Before me, as I write, lies an enormous pile of dusty envelopes, each of them full of notes and extracts made over the last thirty years from my reading on various periods of our history, ranging from the twelfth to the nineteenth centuries about the subject of transport in general and London traffic in particular, and all the fuss, indignation and palaver to which this everlasting subject has in every age given rise. And a few yards from the window where I am writing there pours up and down Kensington Gore and Knightsbridge, at a speed which gets steadily greater each year, a vast volume of traffic of all kinds, hurrying, without let or hindrance from the authorities, who make no attempt to regulate its speed and the constant exhibitions of reckless driving to which competitive speed gives rise, on its way from the traffic block at Princes Gate to the next traffic block at Brompton Green and the top of Sloane Street, and *vice versa*. And only a few yards farther on

beyond this river of hurtling pace and impending death and mutilation for those who get in its way, is another similar river inside what used to be a haven for pedestrians and those who love quiet and verdant peace—Hyde Park—but which now, at the dictate of the Ministry of Transport, has become a joint arterial road and car-park—a combination which presents even the most agile pedestrian with a problem in speed and decision that an Infantry Battle School might well set for one of its training courses. If any politician, civil servant or high police functionary doubts the truth of what I write and wishes to try it out for himself, let him attempt to enter Hyde Park on foot through the continuous two-way merry-go-round of fast motor traffic between the hours of five and six in the evening. The point I particularly recommend to his notice is the east carriage road between Hyde Park and Marble Arch, where, if he is in any hurry to conclude the experiment

quickly, he will find himself in greater danger of death or injury than at probably any time since he "bore arms at the commandment of the magistrate" in one or other of the German wars for which this century has been so painful and famous. On the south carriage-way, near which I live, the peril of the middle-aged or ageing pedestrian is not so great, owing to the fact that the traffic lights at Prince's and Albert Gates create intervals in the continuous flow of vehicles racing one another down one or other side of the road. But on the broad eastern carriage-way no such break exists and the pedestrian who does not wish to wait indefinitely must take a risk. If he happens to cross in front of an inconsiderate or unskilful driver—and there are many such in London to-day—he may well be unlucky. Unlike the streets outside the Park there are no marked pedestrian crossings over the Royal carriage-ways inside, presumably because it has never been thought necessary to provide them in such a sanctuary of peace. For those who have to cross these roads—and there is no other way of reaching the parks—the Park is a sanctuary of peace and safety no longer. I wish our present excellent Minister of Works, who has recently said some very wise and true things about the beauty and purpose of the Royal Parks, would have a further word with his colleague, the Minister of Transport. It might, with advantage, be quite a forthright one.

Yet, as I was writing these disgruntled observations on my speeding fellow citizens, the dusty envelopes on my desk mocked and reproached me. For they contained, I knew, quotation after quotation of similar complaint about London and British traffic conditions in earlier ages—by Victorian and Georgian and Stuart and Tudor and even mediæval moralists and

diarists and letter-writers. Britain is such a small island and its people have always been energetic and busy and in a hurry. The fact that their descendants are scattered all over the world to-day—in America, in Australia, in Africa—is a proof of it. "Fidgety Phil couldn't sit still," and so the fellow, so intent on going places, has travelled a long way. And if he hadn't travelled fast, I suppose he wouldn't have got there at all. There is nothing new in the alarming phenomenon of which I have complained, though I do feel the authorities might be a little more careful of pedestrians in the now speed-invaded Royal Parks. Almost the first extracts I turned over on starting to open my envelopes was a long complaint by a German schoolmaster who visited England in 1801, that almost everything in this island seemed to be sacrificed to speed. "The pursuit of efficiency," he wrote, "is driven to such lengths that any traveller with a considerable journey before him, who is not rich enough to provide his own equipage and stop when he pleases, is subjected to a veritable torture. Picture to yourself that we were obliged to cover 124 English miles from Yarmouth to London in fifteen hours without a single stop, except about half-way, at Ipswich, where we were suffered to refresh ourselves for half an hour. Even the

most urgent demands of nature had to be suppressed or postponed in order that there might not be a minute's delay in changing horses, which happened about every ten minutes. If a traveller wished to get down and disappear for a moment, he was faced with the danger that his luggage might be carried on to London without him. The postilion seemed to recognise no other duty than to arrive punctually. Whether his travellers, whose money had very wisely been collected beforehand, arrived with him was their concern, not his. The fresh horses were harnessed in a flash, and away we dashed without any inquiry as to who was on board. It was useless to call after the postilion. Either the noise of the carriage drowned the voice, or, if he heard, he paid no attention, nor would he stop even for a moment. The guard who sat behind, armed with two pistols as a protection against highwaymen, has no responsibility for the passengers. They are left entirely to their own devices, and must

see to it for themselves that they are not left behind. This indifference extends also to the passengers' luggage. In order that not a second should be lost, everything—trunks, boxes, packages—were thrown into the well like balls. Whether they fell on their sides or corners, or damaged each other, or were smashed was not even a matter for thought."

One truth that any perusal of the record of the past forces on one's mind is how, while everything recurs, nothing ever remains the same for long. The roads so packed with motor traffic to-day will not always be packed with it; in fifty years' time, *pace* Lord Nuffield, there will probably not be a motor-car left in England, and its place will almost certainly have been taken by some other, and probably completely different, form of traffic, just as little more than a century ago the coach and horse transport that thronged our turnpike roads was extinguished in the course of a decade by the coming of the railways. It is amusing to reflect that Lord Nuffield himself can remember an age when motor-cars were non-existent. Before me, as I write, lies an extract from a passage written by Sir Walter Besant at the end of the nineteenth century, in the age, that is, in which I was born. "We who walk along the deserted high roads," he wrote, "where until the bicycle made its appearance one might walk for miles without meeting a person or a vehicle, where the decayed inn has been abandoned and converted into other purposes, find it hard to realise the thronged and animated condition of every approach to London as one drew near the great city." Perhaps, if I live to be a hundred—which, as I have to cross the carriage-way in Hyde Park twice a day seems most unlikely—I shall find it difficult to believe that I ever saw, drove or dodged a motor-car!



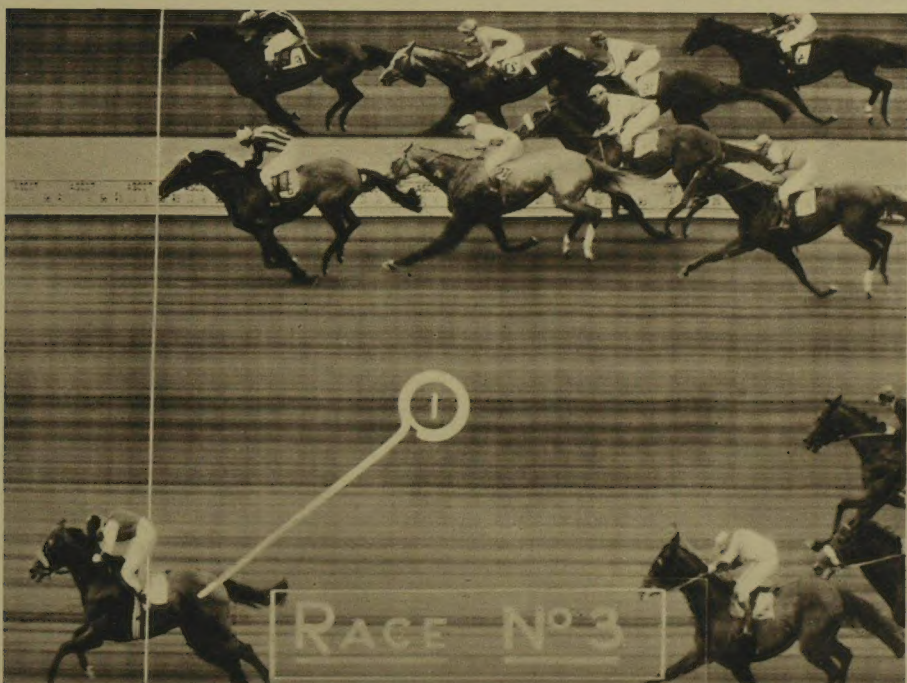
THE ROYAL FAMILY'S PLEASURE AT THE VICTORY OF THE QUEEN'S HORSE ALEXANDER IN THE ROYAL HUNT CUP: (L. TO R. IN FRONT) CAPTAIN C. C. BOYD-ROCHFORD (THE QUEEN'S TRAINER), H.M. THE QUEEN, QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, PRINCESS MARGARET, THE DUCHESS OF KENT, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT (PARTLY CONCEALED) AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.



ROYAL FASHIONS: THE HATS WORN BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN ON THE FOUR DAYS OF THE ROYAL ASCOT MEETING.



ROYAL RACEGOERS: (R. TO L.) THE QUEEN, THE PRINCESS ROYAL, THE DUCHESS OF KENT, THE QUEEN MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND PRINCESS MARGARET.



THE WINNER OF THE ROYAL HUNT CUP DECIDED BY THE CAMERA: THE QUEEN'S HORSE ALEXANDER WINNING BY HALF A LENGTH FROM JASPE.



DRIVING DOWN THE COURSE ON GOLD CUP DAY: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH PRINCESS MARGARET.

ROYAL FASHIONS AND ROYAL RACEGOERS: THE QUEEN, WITH MEMBERS OF HER FAMILY, AT ASCOT.

The weather during the Royal Ascot meeting, which opened on June 19, was grey and overcast but did not prevent the traditional display of fashions. On the opening day the Queen wore a flower-patterned silk dress in azalea colours with a soft pink hat with a medium brim; the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret both wore blue. On the second day of the meeting the Queen wore a navy-blue dress with a silver blue mink bolero; the Queen Mother chose primrose yellow and Princess Margaret was in pale pink.

It was an exciting day for the Royal family as the Queen's horse *Alexander* won the Hunt Cup. It was the second time that the Queen had won this race, *Choir Boy* having won it for her Majesty in Coronation year. On Gold Cup Day the Queen wore a pink-flowered white coat, the Queen Mother was in powder blue and Princess Margaret in champagne yellow with a matching petal hat. French horses took the first three places in the Gold Cup, M. Marcel Boussac's horse *Macip* being the winner.

DRAMATIC MOMENTS OF THE SECOND TEST: BOWLING AND FIELDING FEATS.



G. R. LANGLEY, THE AUSTRALIAN WICKET-KEEPER, DIVES TO CATCH WARDLE OFF THE FIRST BALL HE RECEIVED FROM ARCHER IN ENGLAND'S FIRST INNINGS.



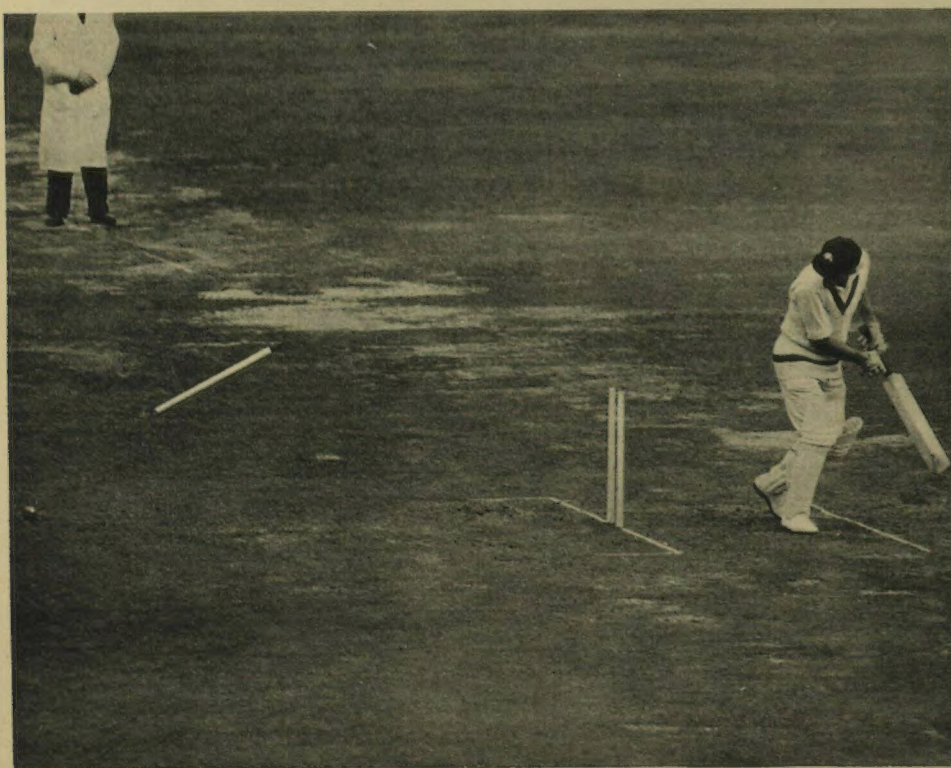
A BRILLIANT CATCH BY BAILEY, TAKEN AT FULL STRETCH IN A ONE-HANDED DIVE, DISMISSES HARVEY OFF TRUEMAN'S BOWLING FOR 10.



TRUEMAN'S FIRST VICTIM OF THE MATCH: K. R. MILLER BOWLED FOR 28 IN AUSTRALIA'S FIRST INNINGS. TRUEMAN GOT MILLER IN THE SECOND INNINGS.



ONE OF THE VICTIMS OF TRUEMAN'S FIERIEST SPELL: P. BURGE YORKED MIDDLE-STUMP AFTER SCORING 14 IN THE SECOND INNINGS.



ON THE SECOND DAY: BURGE'S MIDDLE STUMP GOES TO A FAST BALL FROM STATHAM, WHO HAD TWICE PREVIOUSLY MORALLY BOWLED HIM.



A STUMPER STUMPED! T. G. EVANS STUMPED BY LANGLEY OFF A BALL FROM BENAUD, FOR 0, IN ENGLAND'S FIRST INNINGS.

When the English selectors finally chose the eleven for the second Test Match against Australia, which opened at Lord's on June 21, they dropped Insole and Lock from the original thirteen. The dropping of Lock was surprising but in the event fortunate, since the following day he was in bed ill. The first day Australia devoted to making 180 for 3, the first wicket stand of 137 being the best by Australia since 1930, McDonald being brilliantly caught by Trueman off Bailey for 78. On the second day Australia

raised their score to 285 all out; and England lost three wickets for 74. On Saturday, the third day, England were all out for 171, only May (63) and Bailey (32) making much show against the Australian bowling. When Australia batted again Trueman struck his best form and took the wickets of Burge, Harvey, Burke, Miller and Benaud, who made 97 of the Australian total of 257, England thus needing 372 to win. At close of play on June 25, England had made 72 for 2, losing Richardson and Graveney.



THE ROYAL REVIEW OF THE THREE BATTALIONS OF GRENADIER GUARDS IN THEIR TERCENTENARY YEAR: H.M. THE QUEEN INSPECTING THE GUARDS.



THE THREE BATTALIONS OF GRENADIER GUARDS MARCH PAST THE QUEEN. IN THE FOREGROUND, THE 1ST BATTALION IN BATTLE-DRESS.

THE FIRST OR GRENADIER REGIMENT OF FOOT GUARDS ON PARADE: THE ROYAL REVIEW AT WINDSOR.

On June 24, in the Home Park of Windsor Castle, all three battalions of the First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards were reviewed by their Colonel-in-Chief, H.M. the Queen, at the culmination of their celebrations of the tercentenary of the Regiment's formation. It is very rarely that all three battalions are on parade together; and indeed, the 1st Battalion, whose station is in Germany, was given special leave to attend, provided no charge fell upon the public funds, and proudly elected to pay its own travelling expenses. Owing to a shortage of tunics and bearskins, the

1st Battalion paraded in battle-dress, but the 2nd and 3rd Battalions, all three corps of drums and the regimental band were in scarlet. A number of detachments of the regimental Comrades' Association also marched past. The parade was commanded by Colonel Sir Thomas Butler, the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Regiment, and General Lord Jeffreys, Colonel of the Regiment, received the Queen. The Duke of Edinburgh was present in civilian clothes and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and the Royal children accompanied the Queen to the ground.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



ISRAEL'S NEW FOREIGN MINISTER:

MRS. GOLDA MYERSON.

Mrs. Golda Myerson started her duties as the new Israel Foreign Minister, in succession to Mr. Sharrett, on June 21. She has been Minister of Labour and Social Insurance since 1949, and was previously Minister to Russia. Before settling in Palestine in 1921 she worked as a librarian in the United States.



BUSINESS-MAN AND HUMANITARIAN:

THE LATE MR. T. J. WATSON.

Mr. Thomas J. Watson, who had earned the unofficial title of America's "Ambassador at large," died in New York on June 19, at the age of eighty-two, after a short illness. He was chairman of the International Business Machines World Trade Corporation, and in 1937 was president of the International Chamber of Commerce.



AN EMINENT SCIENTIST:

PROFESSOR JAMES J. GUEST.

Professor James J. Guest died on June 11 at Virginia Water, Surrey, at the age of eighty-nine. His findings on the failure of materials under stress became widely known as "Guest's Law." In 1921 he was in charge of the reorganised Military School of Science at Woolwich, which he built up to be one of the best-equipped of technical establishments.

A POPULAR NOVELIST:

THE LATE MR. MICHAEL ARLEN.

Mr. Michael Arlen died in New York, after a long illness, on June 23. He was sixty. It was through the Editor of *The Sketch* that he got his first introduction to a wide public, and he went on to enjoy a great vogue as a novelist after the first war, describing his work as a New Arabian Nights fantasy with Mayfair as the scene. His personal elegance was almost legendary.



TO COMMAND THE CARINTHIA:

CAPTAIN ANDREW MCKELLAR.

The Cunard Steamship Company recently announced that Captain Andrew McKellar is to command the new 22,000-ton *Carinthia*, which was due to start her maiden voyage from Liverpool to Canada on June 27. The ship is the third of four Cunarders built recently to replace older vessels on the Canada service. Captain McKellar was in command of the *Saxonia*.



A GREAT POET: THE LATE MR. WALTER DE LA MARE, O.M., C.H.

Mr. Walter de la Mare, O.M., C.H., died on June 22 at his home at Twickenham, at the age of eighty-three. He was once called the "Laureate of Dreamland," much of his work being inspired by a sense of wonder and of mystery. He always wrote in traditional style in spite of the many new verse forms being used by modern poets. Some of his most delightful work is written for children. Besides his work in verse, he also wrote short stories and a novel.

Photograph by Mark Gerson, A.I.B.P., A.R.P.S.



AT THE MOSCOW AIR DISPLAY:

GENERAL TWINING, U.S.A.A.F.

General Twining, the United States Chief of Air Staff, was the senior U.S. observer invited by the Russians to witness the annual aviation display in Moscow. Representatives from Britain and France were also present. More fighters than bombers were seen during the display, to show the Russian emphasis on defence and desire for peace, according to Mr. Khrushchev.



BRITAIN'S FIRST AMBASSADOR TO TUNIS:

MR. A. C. E. MALCOLM.

Following the recent agreement between the British Government and the Bey of Tunis to enter into diplomatic relations, Mr. A. C. E. Malcolm has been appointed as first Ambassador to Tunis. Mr. Malcolm, who is forty-seven, has been Minister at Vienna since 1953. Educated at Eton and New College, Oxford, he has served in Madrid, Washington, Rome, Mexico City and Prague. [Photograph by Eric Coop, A.I.B.P., F.R.S.A.]



TO BE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO DENMARK:

SIR RODERICK BARCLAY.

Sir Roderick Barclay, who has been Deputy Under-Secretary of State for Administration at the Foreign Office since 1953, has been appointed Ambassador to Copenhagen in succession to Sir Eric Berthoud, who is going to Warsaw. Sir Roderick, who is forty-seven, entered the Diplomatic Service in 1932 and has served in Brussels, Paris and Washington. He was private secretary to Mr. Ernest Bevin when he was Foreign Secretary.



ELECTED PROVOST OF KING'S, CAMBRIDGE:

MR. NOEL ANNAN.

Mr. Noel Annan, Fellow and assistant tutor of King's College, was elected Provost of the College on June 21. The election was caused by the untimely death earlier this year of Professor S. R. K. Glanville. During the last war Mr. Annan served in the War Office and the War Cabinet offices in military intelligence, and later in France and Germany. He was elected a Fellow of King's in 1944 and a governor of Stowe in 1945.

ROYAL POLO; THE SWISS EVEREST CLIMBERS' RETURN; AND MR. TRUMAN IN ENGLAND.



DURING A PAUSE IN A POLO MATCH: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TALKING TO THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE.



RECEIVING A PRIZE FROM THE QUEEN: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO CAPTAINED THE HURLINGHAM TEAM WHICH DEFEATED A NEW ZEALAND TEAM. On the evening of June 19, the Queen, with the Duke of Cornwall, Princess Anne and other members of the Royal family, watched the Duke of Edinburgh playing polo for Windsor Park. On June 24 the Duke of Edinburgh captained the Hurlingham team in a match which they won against a New Zealand team.



RETURNING FROM THEIR SUCCESSFUL ASSAULT ON EVEREST: THE SWISS CLIMBERS DR. LEUTHOLD (LEFT) AND ADOLF REIST IN NEPAL.



AT TSOBAS PASS, NEPAL: ADOLF REIST (STANDING) AND JURG MARMET—MEMBERS OF THE SWISS EVEREST EXPEDITION. Three members of the Swiss expedition which climbed Everest twice, and Lhotse for the first time, in May, returned to Katmandu on June 20. They said they found supplies and equipment left by the British Everest expedition.



WALKING IN PROCESSION TO THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE IN OXFORD: MR. HARRY S. TRUMAN (LEFT), WHO RECEIVED AN HONORARY DEGREE. Mr. Harry S. Truman, who has been paying a visit to Europe, was among those honoured by Oxford University at the Encænna in the Sheldonian Theatre on June 20. Mr. Truman, who was admitted to the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, was praised by Mr. T. F. Higham,



AT CHARTWELL: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL WITH MR. HARRY S. TRUMAN, FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. the Public Orator, for his leadership of the American nation after the war had been won. On the following evening Mr. Truman was guest of honour at a dinner of the Pilgrims in London. On June 24 he went to Chartwell, and had lunch with Sir Winston Churchill.

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY "JACK OF ALL TRADES."

"SIR KENELM DIGBY: THE ORNAMENT OF ENGLAND, 1603-1665." By R. T. PETERSSON.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"JACK of all Trades and Master of None" is an appellation commonly used by people who are not good at anything, and are jealous of "all-round men," who were the Greek Ideal. Bacon was an all-round man, though not, to my thinking, so extremely all-round as to write the plays of Shakespeare, which divulge a soul, and a music of speech, which Bacon, in his acknowledged works, never achieved. Goethe was an all-round man: he was not merely a poet, a dramatist and a novelist, but an imposing Court official, a physicist, and (as I learnt when very young, before I had the least notion of what the phrase meant) "discoverer of the inter-maxillary bone in man." Many Elizabethans tried their hands successfully at various things, and some men's names, like those of Pico della Mirandola and the Admirable Crichton, have become legendary because of their very versatility. But the popular term really is applicable to Sir Kenelm Digby.

I suppose that that alone is sufficient to explain his celebrity in his own age, and the constant resuscitation of his name in later ages. So far as I am aware, it is sixty years since the last biography of him appeared: that was by a descendant: the family, which is traceable to the Conquest, is still extant. But anybody interested in seventeenth-century life and literature is bound frequently to encounter his name. He is not only a Jack of All Trades but a Jack-in-the-Box, liable to pop up at any moment. "Here," says the publisher, "Sir Kenelm is vividly presented in his great variety of rôles—as diplomat, plotter, poet, cook, naval commander, patron of the arts, scientist, lover, astrologer, magician: the most entrancing virtuoso and romantic figure ever welcomed in exclusive private salons and the courts of Europe." Obviously, at this time of day, one cannot test his skill as a cook; and I must admit that, were I taking on a new cook, I should not choose a plotter or an astrologer for the job. But in many departments his activities can still be scrutinised. As all kinds of things, from poet to scientist, he comes out of the scrutiny rather well. But always "rather." He fought a duel: anybody familiar with the character of this eager, enterprising, dabbler of a person must be astonished to find that he killed his man, instead of merely winging him. Explanations may not always be excuses: but explanations for Digby's career are not difficult to find.

He was born a Catholic, in that hard time for Catholics; his father, Sir Everard, was hanged for his part in the Gunpowder Plot. He fell in love, young, with the most famous beauty of the age, Venetia Stanley. She was reputed to be promiscuous (with what foundation I know not, for jealousy will always malign the brilliant, beautiful and charming of either sex) but nobody could ever doubt her fidelity after marriage, and all the poets of England, including the aged Ben Jonson, wrote Elegies after her death. He went to sea, as was the manner of his age, and vanquished a French and Venetian squadron off Scanderon. His wife died, commemorated in many verses, and he retired to Gresham College, in the City, where he grew a gloomy beard, and began his study of chemistry—I surmise that the chemicals did not include explosives. For a time he turned, officially, Protestant. After a few years he openly reverted. The zealots imprisoned him and confiscated his estate; he contrived to get into England and back three times, and still remain Chancellor to Queen Henrietta Maria. Then, when the Restoration took place, he became one of the Founder Members of the Royal Society.

I doubt if he could become a member of the Royal Society now. Nor Pepys, nor Evelyn, nor even King Charles the Second who, very appropriately,

founded a Chair of Anatomy. We are living in an Age of Specialists: we are asked to know Everything about Something and Nothing about Anything Else. Digby's curious mind was directed rather at Something about Everything. His bibliography is a strange medley. Here are some of the titles of his published works: "Choice and Experimented Receipts in Physick and Chirurgery," "A Choice Collection of Rare Chymical Secrets and Experiments in Philosophy, as also Rare and unheard-of Medicines," "The Closet of the Eminently Learned Sir Kenelme Digby Opened: Whereby is Discovered Several ways for making of Metheglin, Sider, Cherry-Wine, Etc., together with Excellent Directions for Cookery," "A Conference with a Lady about Choyce of Religion," "A late Discourse Made in a Solemne Assembly... touching the Cure of Wounds by the Powder of Sympathy," "A Discourse Concerning the Vegetation of Plants," "Journal of a Voyage into the Mediterranean," "Observations on the 22 Stanza in the 9th Canto of the 2d. Book of Spencers Faery Queen," "Two Treatises, in the One of which, the Nature of Bodies; in the Other, the Nature of Mans Soule,

a single one of Sir Kenelm's works. Yet, so persistently do the fists of his shade pummel at the doors of the Temple of Fame that here is one more author writing a book about him which is immensely learned, and furnished with notes which I am sure I should consider a rich mine of information were they not printed in type so small that I think it should be illegal. And here am I, quite allergic to him, reviewing that same book.

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. R. T. PETERSSON.

Mr. Robert T. Petersson, who is Professor in the Department of English Literature at Smith College, Massachusetts, was born in California in 1918. He is a "first generation" American, his ancestors are Swedes. He was educated at the University of California, and taught at the University of Chicago and Yale University before going to Smith College. He has travelled widely and is now writing on the connections between seventeenth-century literature and baroque painting and architecture.

Browning wrote a series of "Parleyings with Persons of some Importance in their Day." I have forgotten who they were, though I think Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe, was one: a climber who could turn a neat verse and feather his nest, but not with the sales of the verse. He might well—and the author of "Strafford" was by no means unfamiliar with the period—have included Digby in his list. He had a great talent for getting under the skins of complicated people, like Bishop Blougram and Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau (or Napoleon III.), he respected learning, and, himself omnivorous where knowledge was concerned, he would have had a natural sympathy for Sir Kenelm, who certainly didn't think anything human alien from himself. He would have been fascinated by Digby's devotion to that light beauty with the light curly fringe, whose Apotheosis, surrounded by little Loves, painted by Van Dyck, is at Windsor Castle and, by Gracious Permission, reproduced in this volume. And he would have puzzled his remarkable brain over Digby's relations with men, here and on the Continent, who had evidently more remarkable brains than he.

He introduced Hobbes to the work of Descartes. Descartes was a friend of his, and so was Sir Thomas Browne: he was familiar with the discoveries of Harvey and Galileo. And, partly as a result of his sojourn abroad as a Cavalier, he was a link between the erudite of this island and the erudite of the Continent. This applied even in the sphere of mathematics. Digby, in that transitional age during which Boyle's epitaph was "Father of English Chemistry and Brother to the Earl of Cork," was interpreter between the mathematicians of England and France. There is a fat volume of letters. "From both sides humorous and peevish taunts are thrown, and it is agreed that Digby should serve as judge and go-between. Since Fermat is annoyed by the obscurity of Brouncker's French, Brouncker wants the group to use Latin in order to prevent the Frenchmen from excusing themselves for being caught up. Meanwhile Digby placates, and serious mathematical matters regain the central position. Digby plays the gadfly all through, stirring up little feuds and then allaying them. At one point Fermat digresses to speak in high praise of Digby's learning, and Digby responds, as though slightly embarrassed, by promising to find for Fermat a volume of Diophantus of Alexandria, the algebraist whom Fermat afterwards edited."

It is a pity that Browning overlooked Digby. He might even have been tempted to investigate Diophantus of Alexandria.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 840 of this issue.

A STATE VISITOR TO LONDON NEXT MONTH.



INVITED BY THE QUEEN TO VISIT LONDON FROM JULY 16-19: H.M. KING FAISAL OF IRAQ.

His Majesty King Faisal of Iraq has accepted an invitation from the Queen to pay a State visit to London from July 16 to July 19. King Faisal, who was twenty-one on May 2, was educated privately, and at Harrow, and has spent some years in the United Kingdom. When he was only four years old he succeeded his father, Ghazi, second King of Iraq, who died as the result of an accident on April 4, 1939. From 1939 until the King's eighteenth birthday on May 2, 1953, the present Crown Prince, Emir Abdul Illah, acted as Regent. King Faisal recently paid a State visit to Spain. It has been announced that during the King's visit to this country he will receive an address of welcome from the City of London and will be invited to lunch with the Lord Mayor and the citizens in Guildhall.

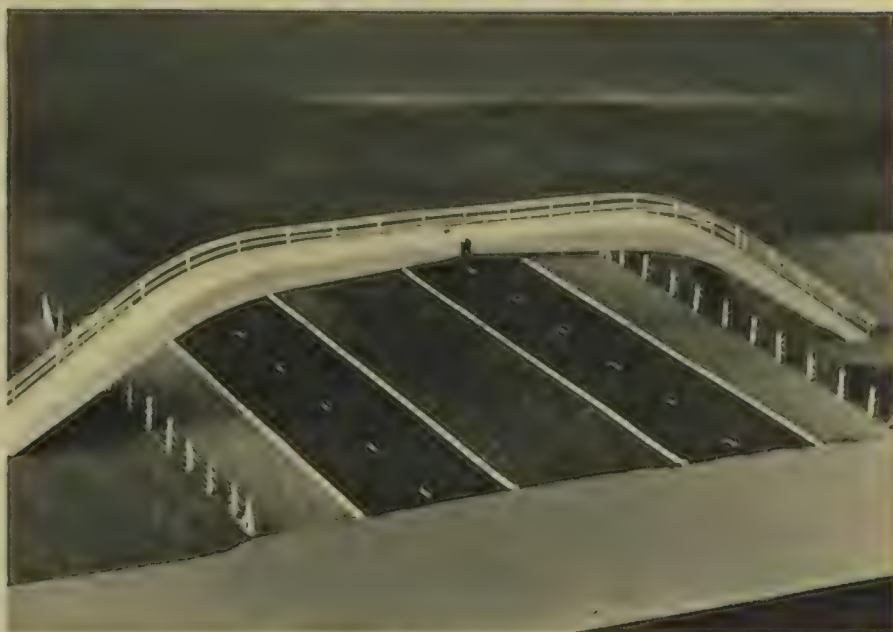
is looked into: in way of discovery, of the Immortality of Reasonable Soules." Some of his writings went into a large number of editions, in England and abroad. When I was young and haunting barrows and second-hand bookshops, I seemed to come across his works more frequently than those of any of his contemporaries. Yet there must have been a "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell" element in my approach to him. For though I was habitually buying and treasuring, simply because of their antiquity, the obscurest Caroline pamphlets and volumes of utterly boring verse, I don't think I ever acquired, or even read,

* "Sir Kenelm Digby: The Ornament of England, 1603-1665." By R. T. Petersson. Illustrated. (Jonathan Cape: 25s.)

BRITAIN'S FIRST "MOTORS ONLY" ROAD: THE PRESTON BY-PASS.



JUST SOUTH OF BAMBER BRIDGE: THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW BY-PASS, NEAR THE JUNCTION OF A 6 AND A 49, SEEN IN A MODEL.



A MODEL OF ONE OF THE PEDESTRIAN OVERPASSES. PEDESTRIANS AND CYCLISTS WILL NOT BE ALLOWED ON THE ROAD.



THE BY-PASS AT DURTON LANE, BROUGHTON. JUNCTIONS WITH OTHER ROADS HAVE BEEN DESIGNED TO ELIMINATE CROSS TRAFFIC.



MADE BY THE STAFF OF THE SURVEYOR AND BRIDGEMASTER TO THE LANCASHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL: A MODEL OF THE BY-PASS.



JUST SOUTH OF BROUGHTON: THE TERMINATION OF THE BY-PASS WHERE IT WILL JOIN THE PRESTON-LANCASTER TRUNK ROAD.



THE FLY-OVER JUNCTION WITH THE PRESTON-WHALLEY ROAD. THE WORK ON THE NEW BY-PASS WAS INAUGURATED ON JUNE 12.

On June 12 work on Britain's first "motors only" road, the Preston by-pass, was inaugurated by Mr. Hugh Molson, Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation. The new road, shown on this page in model form, will be 8½ miles long, and will take traffic on the north-south road round Preston. The scheme, which will cost some £3,000,000, and take about two years to complete, is planned as part of the North-South Motorway which will eventually extend from Birmingham to a point north



THE JUNCTION WITH THE LINK ROAD TO BELMONT. THE 8½-MILE BY-PASS WILL COST £3,000,000, AND WILL TAKE ABOUT TWO YEARS TO COMPLETE.

of Shap. The line of the by-pass starts just south of Bamber Bridge, near the junction of A 6 and A 49, and swings to the east of Preston, through open country, to join the Preston-Lancaster trunk road just south of Broughton. Junctions on the by-pass have been designed on two levels to eliminate cross traffic. This will ensure that drivers have an uninterrupted journey and it is estimated that a vehicle should travel the length of the by-pass in about one-sixth of the time taken on the existing route through Preston.

BRINGING TOGETHER THE YOUNG SAILORS OF
SAIL TRAINING-SHIP INTERNATIONAL RACETHE WORLD: SHIPS COMPETING IN THE FIRST
FROM TORBAY TO LISBON ON 7TH JULY.

(Left.)
COMPETING FOR DEN-
MARK: THE GEORG
STAGE, SQUARE-
RIGGED, AND WITH
A SAIL AREA OF
800 SQ. FT. THIS
FINE SQUARE-RIGGED
VESSEL IS OF 280 TONS
(GROSS REGISTERED)
AND HAS A COMPLE-
MENT OF NINETY-ONE.

(Right.)
REPRESENTING HOL-
LAND: THE BERMUDA
KETCH MAYBE,
WHICH IS OF 100 TONS
(THAMES MEASURE-
MENT), HAS A SAIL
AREA OF 1800 SQ. FT.
AND SAILS WITH A
COMPLEMENT OF FIF-
TEEN. THERE WILL
BE TWO CLASSES IN
THE RACE—THOSE
UNDER 100 TONS
THAMES MEASURE-
MENT AND THOSE
OVER.



THE PORTUGUESE SAGRES. THE CROSS OF CHRIST, ON THE SAILS, HAS BEEN CARRIED
BY PORTUGUESE SHIPS SINCE THE DAYS OF VASCO DA GAMA.



ONE OF THE THREE SWEDISH COMPETITORS: THE FALKEN, A
TRAINING-SCHOONER WITH A DISPLACEMENT OF 220 TONS.



ONE OF THE TWO ENTRIES FROM NORWAY: THE THREE-MASTED TRAINING-SHIP
SORLANDET, SEEN LEAVING THE RIVER TYNE AFTER A VISIT THERE LAST YEAR.

THE Sail Training-Ship International Race is being held for the first time this year,
from Torbay to Lisbon, starting on July 7. The idea, which came originally from
the London solicitor Mr. Bernard Morgan, is to create an opportunity for the future officers
and men of the world's navies to get to know each other, and also to institute an interesting
new sporting event which will be a reminder of the ships of the past. The race is handi-
capped and vessels competing range from 30 to 3000 tons. The handicapping committee
described their task as "like working out handicaps in a race for all the animals in the
(Continued opposite.)



CREOLE, ONE OF THE TWO SHIPS REPRESENTING BRITAIN. SHE
HAS BEEN LENT FOR THE RACE BY MR. STAVROS NIARCHOS.



(Left.)
ONE OF THE TWO
BRITISH ENTRIES:
THE KETCH
MOYANA, TRAIN-
ING SHIP OF THE
SOUTHAMPTON UNI-
VERSITY SCHOOL OF
NAVIGATION. THE
MOYANA IS OF
108 TONS THAMES
MEASUREMENT, HAS
A COMPLEMENT OF
TWENTY-THREE
AND A SAIL AREA
OF 3780 SQ. FT.

(Right.)
THE CHRISTIAN
RADICH, WHICH,
WITH THE NOR-
LANDET, WILL BE
REPRESENTING
NORWAY IN THE
RACE. SHE WAS
BUILT IN 1927, HAS
A DISPLACEMENT
OF 676 TONS AND OVER-
ALL LENGTH OF
129 FT.



ONE OF SWEDEN'S
ENTRIES: FLYING CLIP-
PER, FORMERLY LORD
RUNCIMAN'S SUNBEAM.



ANOTHER OF THE SWEDISH ENTRIES: THE TRAINING-
SCHOONER GLADAN, WITH A SAIL AREA OF 5511 SQ. FT.



THE SILVER TROPHY WHICH IS BEING PRESENTED BY THE PORTU-
GUESE AMBASSADOR, SENHOR THEOTONIO PEREIRA.



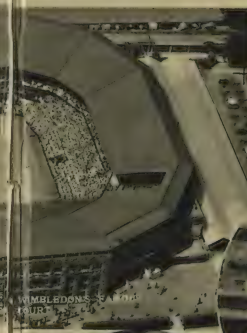
REPRESENTING BELGIUM: MERCATOR, WHICH HAS A SAIL AREA OF SOME 18,000 SQ. FT.,
IS 190 FT. OVERALL AND WAS BUILT IN 1932.

(Continued.)
Zoo." Several trophies are to be won, and our illustration shows that presented by the
Portuguese Ambassador, himself a stalwart sailor. During the week preceding the race
the crews will compete in a regatta at Dartmouth. About 1000 foreign cadets will be
entertained there at a cost of some £3000, for which an appeal has been launched. It
is hoped that in future the race will be held biennially in different parts of the world,
and in this country it is hoped it will encourage boys to take up a seafaring career.
Entries have been received from twenty-three vessels of thirteen different nationalities.

THE ALL-ENGLAND LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1956: SEEDED PLAYERS FOR THE SINGLES TITLES; AND THE WIMBLEDON SCENE.



L. A. HOAD (Australia). Seeded No. 1.

(Above.)
K. R. ROSEWALL (Australia).
Seeded No. 2.(Right.)
S. DAVIDSON (Sweden).
Seeded No. 3.(Above.)
MRS. B. J. FLEITZ (U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 2.(Left.)
MISS A. MORTIMER (G.B.).
Seeded No. 3.

MISS L. BROUGH (U.S.A.). Seeded No. 1.

(Right.)
B. PATTY
(U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 4.(Right.)
MISS S. FRY
(U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 5.(Left.)
MISS A. GIBSON.
(U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 4.(Left.)
J. DROBNY
(Egypt).
Seeded No. 5.(Left.)
H. RICHARDSON (U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 6.

E. V. SEIXAS (U.S.A.). Seeded No. 8.



MISS S. J. BLOOMER (G.B.). Seeded No. 8.

MRS. D. KNODE (U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 7.K. NIELSEN (Denmark).
Seeded No. 7.

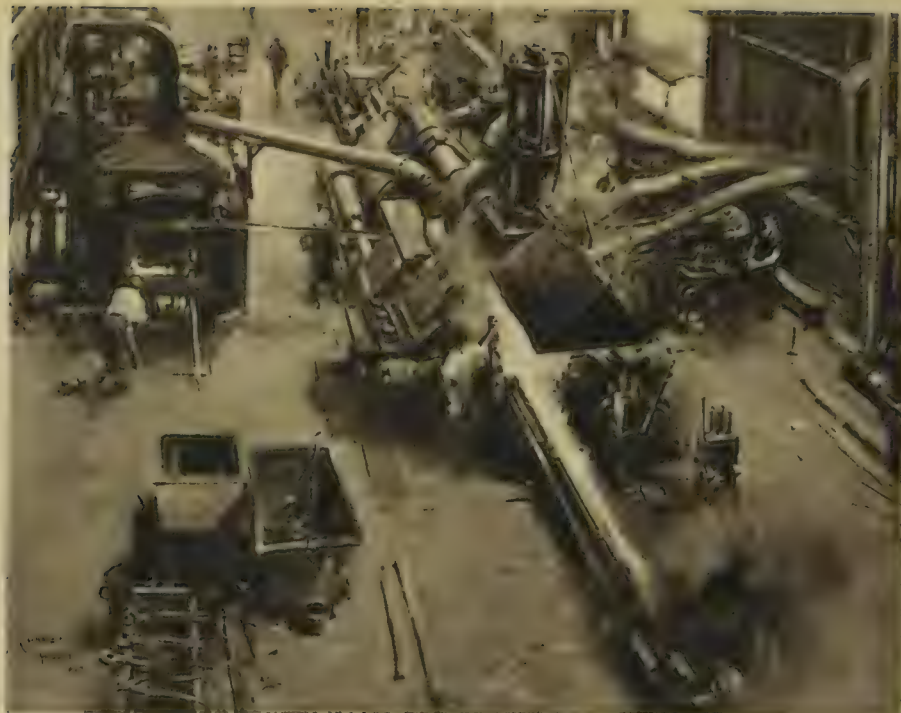
The seedings for the Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Championships, which started on Monday, June 25, were announced on June 19. This year, as last, the seedings for the Men's Singles have been confined to eight and no British player is included. Last year's holder of the Men's Singles title, T. Trabert, of the United States, has turned professional, and this year the No. 1 seed is the Australian tennis star L. A. Hoad, whose compatriot, K. R. Rosewall, is seeded No. 2. The United States have three representatives: B. Patty, seeded No. 4, who reached the semi-finals last year, and was the Wimbledon

champion in 1950; H. Richardson, seeded No. 6, and E. V. Seixas, the holder in 1953, who has been seeded No. 8. The other men among the seeded players are S. Davidson, of Sweden, seeded No. 3, who won the singles of the British Hard Court Championships last year; J. Drobny, of Egypt, a most popular figure at Wimbledon and champion in 1954, has been seeded No. 5; and Denmark's No. 1 player, K. Nielsen, who reached the final at Wimbledon for the second time last year, is seeded No. 7. When the draw for the championships was made on June 20 it provided an early clash of giants and

the likelihood that there might be some upsets during the opening matches. Once again Great Britain's hopes lie with the women players, and we have three representatives among the eight seeded for the Women's Singles title. Miss Angela Mortimer, seeded No. 3, is the highest-ranking British player we have had since the war; Miss Angela Buxton is seeded No. 6, and Miss S. J. Bloomer, at No. 8, is nominated for the first time. Miss Louise Brough, of the United States, seeded No. 1, heads the five American players seeded for the Singles title; she made a dramatic "come-back" at Wimbledon

last year and won the championship for the fourth time. The ambidextrous American player Mrs. B. J. Fleitz (née Beverly Baker), who was runner-up last year, has been seeded No. 2. No. 4 is Miss A. Gibson, who has made one previous appearance at Wimbledon (in 1951) and who won the French Women's Singles in Paris last month. Miss Shirley Fry, who reached the semi-final in 1953, is seeded No. 5; and Mrs. D. Knode (née Dorothy Head), who also reached the semi-final in 1953, is seeded No. 7. The draw suggested the probability of a semi-final between Miss Brough and Miss Gibson.

THE WINNING, PROCESSING, AND REFINING COLOURFUL "PICTURES OF AN INDUSTRY"



"AN EXTRUSION PRESS AT THE GLASGOW WORKS OF HENRY WIGGIN": ONE OF A SERIES OF PAINTINGS BY TERENCE CUNEO TO ILLUSTRATE THE OPERATIONS OF MOND NICKEL AND SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES.



"THE MELTING SHOP AT THE BIRMINGHAM WORKS OF HENRY WIGGIN"—WHERE NICKEL AND ALLOYS ARE MELTED IN HIGH TEMPERATURE FURNACES.



A PLEASANT FANTASY IN AN INDUSTRIAL SETTING: "LADY CATHERINE VOLE-SOURIS, 16TH DUCHESS OF ROQUEFORT AND BRIE." MICE APPEAR IN MOST OF CUNEO'S PAINTINGS.



(Above.) "THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY'S WRIGHTSVILLE SEA WATER CORROSION TESTING STATION"—IN WHICH INCO OPERATIVES WITH THE SEA-HORSE SYMBOL ON THEIR BACKS LIFT BARS OF NICKEL ALLOY FROM SALT-WATER TANKS IN WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN TESTED.

(Right.) "A UNIVERSAL MILL AT THE BIRMINGHAM WORKS OF HENRY WIGGIN." HERE ABOUT TWENTY TYPES OF ALLOYS ARE HOT-ROLLED FROM THE INGOT STAGE. A STAGE SUBSEQUENT TO THE MELTING SHOP PROCESS.



"ROLLING MILL AT HUNTINGTON": A SCENE AT THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY'S WORKS IN WEST VIRGINIA, WHERE ROLLED SECTIONS OF HIGH NICKEL ALLOYS ARE PRODUCED.

OUR illustrations on these two pages are drawn from "Pictures of an Industry," an exhibition staged by the Mond Nickel Company, Ltd., in Grosvenor House, Park Lane, from June 19 to June 24. The twenty-eight pictures exhibited there were for the most part those painted by Terence Cuneo for the firm, to illustrate the plants and operations of The International Nickel Company of Canada, Ltd.; The International Nickel Company Incorporated, The Mond Nickel Company, Ltd., and Henry Wiggin and Company, Ltd., in Canada, the United States and Great Britain. A few other paintings, also by Terence Cuneo, are included—some Royal occasions, portraits, landscapes and the like—and,

[Continued opposite.]

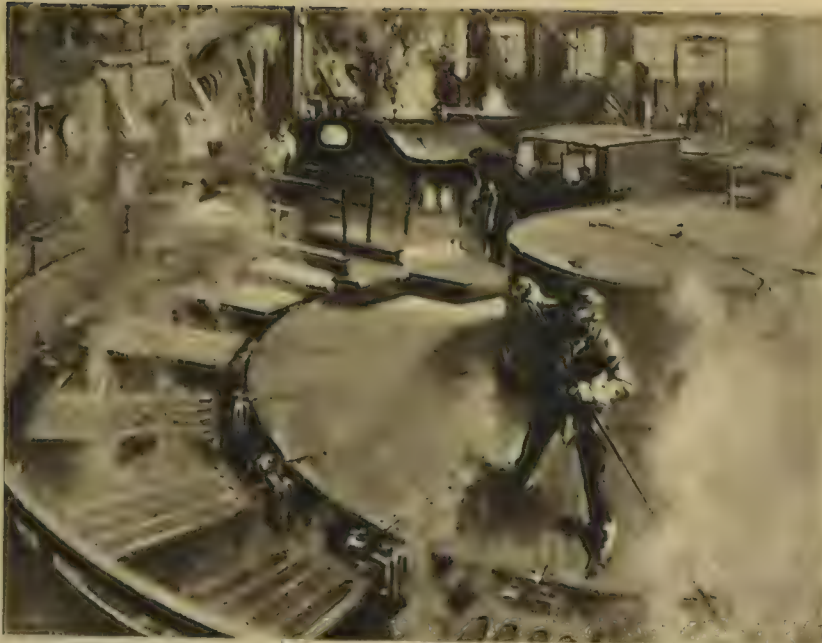
OF NON-FERROUS METALS IN VIVID AND
—A RECENT LONDON EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.



"THE WET PROCESS SECTION OF THE ACTON, LONDON, PRECIOUS METALS REFINERY,"
WHERE THE SIX PLATINUM METALS, GOLD AND SILVER ARE RECOVERED.



"FORGING HAMMER AT THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL
COMPANY'S HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA WORKS," WHERE
TOUGH NICKEL-CHROMIUM ALLOYS NEED EXCEPTIONALLY
HEAVY TREATMENT IN FORGING.



"THE WIRE-BAR CASTING WHEEL AT THE CANADIAN COPPER REFINERY,"
FROM THESE BARS MILLIONS OF MILES OF COPPER WIRE ARE MADE.



A COMPANION "STATE" PICTURE TO THE "DUCHESS OF ROQUE-
FORT": "BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR TERENCE VOLE-SOURIS."

(Above.)
"INCO'S KURE BEACH
ATMOSPHERIC COR-
ROSION TESTING
STATION" IN NORTH
CAROLINA. THIS, THE
LARGEST OF ITS KIND
IN THE WORLD, WAS,
DURING THIS LAST
YEAR, WRECKED BY
THE HURRICANE-
"HAZEL," WHICH
SCATTERED MANY
VALUABLE SPECIMENS
OF INDUSTRIAL
FINISHES UNDER TEST.

(Right.)
"THE CONVERTER
AISLE AT THE COPPER
CLIFF SMELTER" IN
NORTHERN ONTARIO,
WHERE 130,000 TONS
OF COPPER PASS
THROUGH A VERY
COMPLEX PROCESS
EACH YEAR.



Continued.)
specially painted for the exhibition, the two mouse-fantasies we illustrate—"state portraits,"
as it were, of the mice who are always apt to appear in Cuneo's paintings. Terence Cuneo
is the son of the famous illustrator Cyrus Cuneo, and in the early part of the last war, before
his service with the Royal Engineers, worked as special artist in France for *The Illustrated
London News*. The activities of the firms associated in this exhibition include the winning,
processing and refining of a great number of metals, of which nickel, copper, iron, gold, silver and
the platinum metals are only the most familiar to the general public. In Northern Ontario, for example,
the International Nickel Company of Canada mines 65 per cent. of the Free World's nickel.

AT first sight the comments of Signor Togliatti on the denunciation of Stalin appear mild. If so, however, it is only because our minds are becoming attuned to a new situation in which, for the first time, any criticism of the party leadership by foreign Communist parties has been conceivable. The Italian Communist leader, standing at the head of the biggest national Communist party in the free world, had always subordinated his striking personality and considerable mental powers to the leadership of Soviet Russian Communism. He had stood in the front rank of the faithful. We should be surprised at his boldness rather than at his restraint. We should also try to discover the significance of his statements, which is more striking than even his place in the Communist world would in itself suggest.

The bold and persistent attacks on Stalin's record and his place in Communist ideology caused perturbation in the parties in Italy, France and this country. Their leaders had been given no warning and seem to have been unprepared even by what may be called underground sources. Signor Togliatti himself stated that he had heard nothing in advance. These national parties had become so used to being given a lead and to a general consistency in the programme that they

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. SIGNOR TOGLIATTI INTERVENES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

eyes on him, it was plain to us that there was a phony element in the denunciations. Stalin may have been as big a ruffian as he was painted, but he was not so much out of place among his associates and subordinates. He was also a great man and war leader. We had evidence that he was very vain; for example, in depicting himself as a great commander in the civil war, in which he was Commissar to Voroshilov, as the latter reminded a friend of mine at a wartime banquet. It is true that Khrushchev lately made some reference to Stalin's service to Russia—as Togliatti put it, he thus corrected "the strange but comprehensible mistake which was in my opinion made at the twentieth congress, of keeping silent about the merits of Stalin." Khrushchev must have sensed the mistake, but the correction, according to reports, was chilly, almost perfunctory.

It may well be that the members of the Soviet Government and the top party men are more

régime to that of Stalin. It is, in fact, only fair to say that there is hardly anyone in the world, except a handful of the most bloodthirsty Communists, who does not.

Within Communist circles, however, it can hardly be doubted that, outside Russia, the esteem in which the Russian leaders were held has been diminished and their prestige has been lowered. The local leaders may now be reminding themselves that it is not a feature of Marxist doctrine, nor even an article of faith of modern Communism, that Russian leadership should be absolute throughout the world. They may also smile over the reflection that, if one man more than another was responsible for the practical establishment of this concept, it was the denigrated and condemned dictator, Stalin himself. The heads of Russian Communism have lost dignity in the field wherein their dignity was so well established, that of world-wide Communism.

Until the campaign of criticism of Stalin began, not even a man of the stature of Togliatti in the Communist world would have dared to make the sort of statements which he wrote down in reply to a questionnaire in a Left-Wing Italian periodical—a typical Communist procedure, by the way, to which Stalin himself was addicted. Anyone who did so would have been repudiated by his



"THE CHANNEL FLEET AT SEA," BY CHARLES BROOKING (1723-59)—A STRIKINGLY REALISTIC PAINTING BY ONE OF THE MOST SKILLED OF BRITISH MARINE ARTISTS: FROM A CURRENT LONDON EXHIBITION.

This painting is among the interesting selection of old shipping and topographical subjects which form the Summer Collection now on view at the Frank T. Sabin gallery at Park House, Rutland Gate, S.W.7. "The Channel Fleet at Sea" is a delightful example of the work of Charles Brooking. The light and the breeze and the vast openness of a scene at sea are

so well represented that one can almost sniff the brine in the air. The natural light effects are exploited to the full and introduce an exciting feeling of variety and spaciousness. The Collection spans two centuries—from works by Isaac Sailmaker (1633-1721) to a lively Victorian scene by R. H. Nibbs (c. 1816-93). (Canvas; 28 by 55 ins.; signed.)

were thrown out of their stride by the revolutionary change. They had not only taken their line from Moscow without question but also adhered to the Moscow line in the matter of Stalin's personality. The so-called cult of the individual was really more than that: Stalin was elevated to a god-like height and his precepts became a sacred writ. It was not easy to stomach his sudden and violent dethronement.

Togliatti did not react with equal violence. He pondered the matter for a considerable time. He was careful to acknowledge that the denunciation was a necessity; the "errors" of Stalin—a milder description than that of Mr. Khrushchev—had to be made clear in order that the life of the organisms on which socialist society rested should be shaken up and given new life. He excused, I feel with no great enthusiasm, the lapse of time before the attack was reopened. His Soviet comrades, he said, would not have been understood had it been launched sooner. And, again, it might have provoked dangerous and uncontrollable reactions. Very likely; for one thing, Beria was knocking about in the early days. Yet he went on to say that, though the errors of Stalin superimposed personal power on collective demands, this superimposition was only partial.

Even though Mr. Khrushchev knew Stalin well and only a few dozens of Britons ever laid

concerned about the risks they ran and the humiliations to which they were subjected than about Stalin's crimes against humanity. After all, such crimes had been established as a regular procedure before Stalin reached supreme power. They do not appear to weigh heavily upon the sanctified memory of Lenin. On the other hand, whereas Stalin is now described as a butcher because of the officers' purge of 1937, there is good reason to believe that there was a plot and that Marshal Tukachevsky was at the head of it. It is true that thousands were shot on suspicion or merely because they were in professional contact with the plotters: this was butchery by bourgeois but not by Communist standards, and we cannot be satisfied that Stalin played the part of sole executioner.

With the masses of the non-Communist world the effect of the denunciation of Stalin has been generally favourable to the men chiefly concerned: Khrushchev, Bulganin and Molotov. It has added force to their plea for easier relations. The man in the street thinks that, at the worst, committee rule is less dangerous than that of a single dictator and is unconsciously sympathetic to men who have passed through experiences as terrible as those which they have undergone. The better-read and better-educated do not yield so easily, but they, too, are inclined to prefer the present

followers and almost certainly expelled from the Party. There is thus reason to suppose that, for a time at all events, the Communists of Italy and France—the ones who chiefly count outside the Communist-dominated countries—will be more ready to take the initiative and less likely to await Moscow's behests. This might lead to increased efforts to form popular fronts, though Moscow has in the past often favoured such moves and has had no reason to be dissatisfied with them when they have been made.

To regard the episode as a serious weakening of Communism would be a grave mistake. In the international field it is still on the offensive. It is out to break up N.A.T.O. and the Baghdad Pact; to continue stirring up trouble throughout the Arab world, to play upon neutralist sentiments, particularly where they thrive most, as in France. It has not even yet abandoned the hope of preventing the rearmament of the Federal Republic of Germany. There is no evidence that the crimes of the political police in Russia are being punished or even denounced. When that happens we may believe in a deeper change of heart. But will it ever happen while Communism remains in power in Russia? Not at least while the present men are in power. For some of them it would amount to denunciation of their own record as well as that of Stalin.



THE MARCH OF THE HEROES: HOLDERS OF THE VICTORIA CROSS, FROM MANY COUNTRIES AND CAMPAIGNS, MARCHING PAST THE ROYAL BOX.



HER MAJESTY REVIEWS THE VICTORIA CROSS HOLDERS—ESCORTED BY THE COMMANDER OF THE PARADE, LIEUT.-GENERAL LORD FREYBERG, V.C.

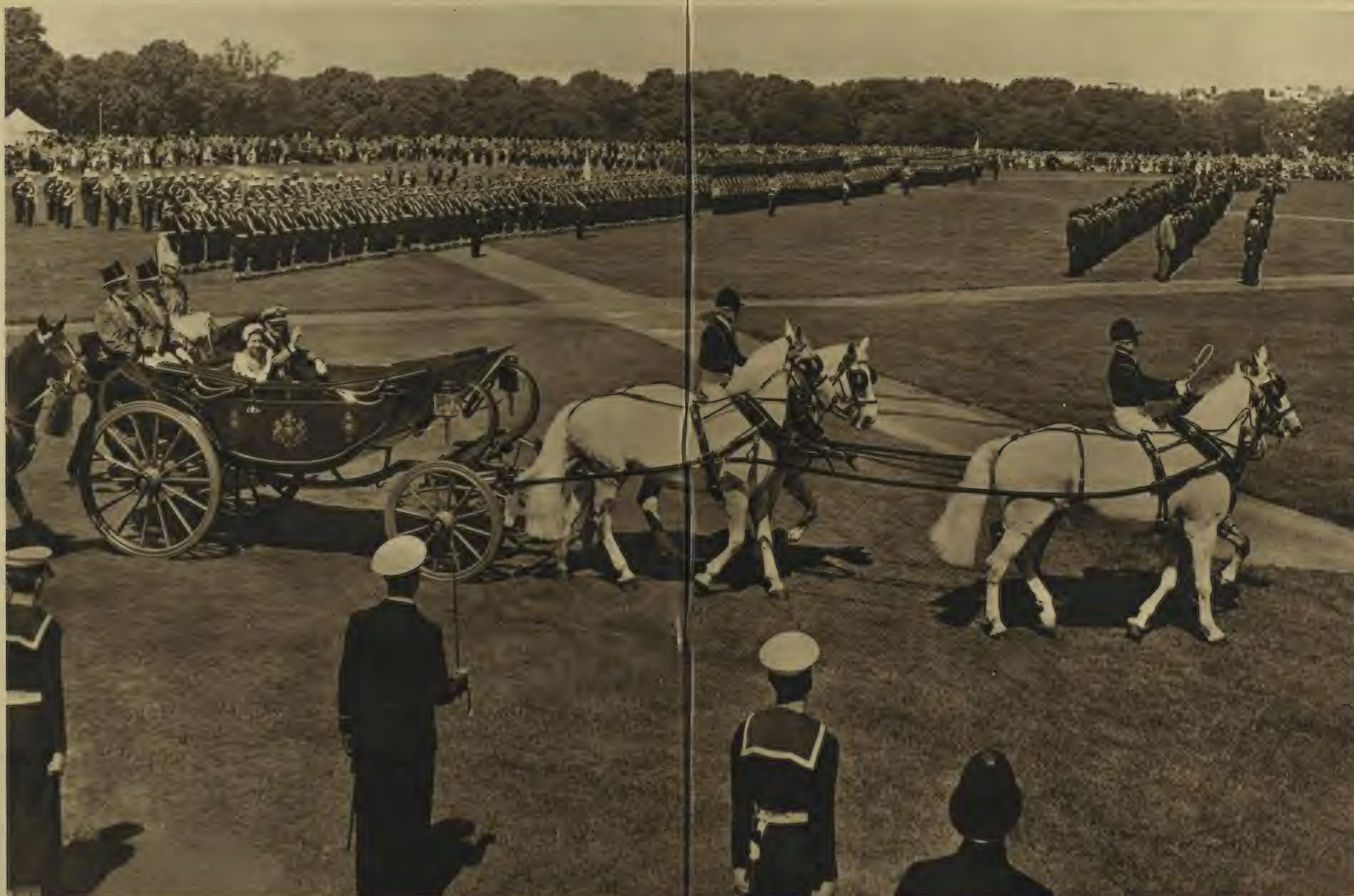


"THE WHEEL-CHAIR V.C.s"—MEN, WHOM AGE OR THEIR OWN HEROISM CRIPPLED, BEING WHEELED PAST THE ROYAL BOX TO SALUTE THE QUEEN.

A GATHERING OF HEROES: SCENES FROM THE QUEEN'S REVIEW OF HOLDERS OF THE VICTORIA CROSS.

Rarely has Hyde Park seen so stirring or so moving a parade as that which took place in the brilliant morning sunshine of June 26 when H.M. the Queen reviewed some 300 holders of the Victoria Cross—to mark the centenary of this supreme award for valour. In time the actions which had won these awards stretched from 1897 to 1951, in space from Korea to France, Belgium and the narrow seas. In the Royal box with the

Queen were the Duke of Edinburgh, who also took the salute; Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Kent, heads of the Services, the Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden, Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister of Australia, and others. The parade was commanded by Lieut.-General Lord Freyberg, V.C., G.C.M.G., K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O.



A UNIQUE PARADE IN LONDON'S HYDE PARK: THE QUEEN, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, ARRIVING TO REVIEW SOME THREE HUNDRED HOLDERS OF THE VICTORIA CROSS.

There was warm sunshine and blue skies on June 26 when her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, reviewed a parade in Hyde Park of some 300 living holders of the Victoria Cross, the most famous decoration in the world, which was instituted by Queen Victoria 100 years ago. At 10.45 a.m. troops of the three Services took post and the Yeomen

of the Guard and the Queen's Gurkha Orderly Officers marched on to the parade ground, followed, shortly afterwards, by the guards of honour. At 11.10 the holders of the V.C. marched on to parade and formed up by countries. Twenty minutes later her Majesty the Queen arrived and reviewed the noble band of men, some of whom had come to London from

the far ends of the earth. In her address the Queen said: "I am proud to stand here, with men and women from all parts of the Commonwealth, to do honour to the successors of that first gallant band . . ." There can be few people who witnessed the moving parade and march-past who did not echo the Queen's words in their hearts as they saw that unique brotherhood

of men whose deeds of incredible valour will go down to history. In the gallant company of 300 of the 400 surviving holders of the V.C. known to be alive, was Mr. C. H. Upham, the only living man to hold the V.C. and Bar. This photograph of the arrival of her Majesty at the parade ground shows the assembled holders of the V.C. in the background (right).

THE TROODOS MOUNTAINS "SWEEP" IN CYPRUS: A SECOND SUCCESSFUL OPERATION; AND THE DISASTROUS FOREST FIRE.



ON ACTIVE SERVICE AGAIN: DONKEYS CARRYING SUPPLIES PROVED INVALUABLE IN THE MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY IN OPERATION "LUCKY ALPHONSE," WHICH LASTED FROM JUNE 7 TO 23.



SIX OF THE TOTAL OF SEVEN TERRORISTS CAPTURED DURING THE OPERATION. STORES WERE TAKEN, INFORMATION FOUND AND HIDE-OUTS DESTROYED.



BEING LED AWAY BY COMMANDOS: TERRORISTS WHO HAD JUST BEEN PUT "IN THE BAG." IN THE EARLIER "SWEEP" IN MAY SEVENTEEN TERRORISTS WERE TAKEN. THE TERRORIST LEADER GRIVAS ESCAPED.



TIME OFF FROM THE BATTLE: SECURITY FORCES ATTENDING A RELIGIOUS SERVICE. PADRES OF VARIOUS DENOMINATIONS ACCOMPANIED THE TROOPS.



AFTER THE FOREST FIRES STARTED BY THE TERRORISTS: A BURNT-OUT ARMY LORRY IN ONE OF THE FORESTS IN SOUTH-WEST CYPRUS.



WHERE THE FIRES OCCURRED: AFTER NINE DAYS OF CONTINUAL HARASSING BY BRITISH TROOPS THE TERRORISTS SUCCEEDED IN CREATING A MAJOR DIVERSION BY SETTING FIRE TO THE WOODED COUNTRYSIDE.

On June 7 the British security forces in Cyprus began their second large "sweep" against the terrorists. The first operation, in which seventeen hard-core terrorists were taken, was carried out in the north-west of the island. The second search, Operation "Lucky Alphonse," was carried out in the mountainous, wooded area around Mount Troodos and Kykko Monastery in South-West Cyprus. Seven more hard-core terrorists were captured,



THE FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS OF THE FOREST FIRE: ALTOGETHER TWENTY-ONE BRITISH SOLDIERS LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE FIRE WHICH WAS STARTED IN SOUTH-WEST CYPRUS ON JUNE 17.

although the leader Grivas, known as "Uncle George," succeeded in escaping. Quantities of stores and useful fresh information fell into the hands of the British troops. The land forces received invaluable support from R.A.F. helicopters, and blockade vessels patrolled the coast. The forest fire led to the deaths of twenty-one British troops. Although the terrorism has not been eradicated its forces have suffered heavy losses in men and equipment.

FROM HOME AND ABROAD: A CAMERA RECORD OF CURRENT NEWS EVENTS.



AT THE END OF THE EQUESTRIAN OLYMPIC GAMES: THE FLAGS OF THE COMPETING NATIONS BEING PARADED ROUND THE STADIUM IN STOCKHOLM. On the evening of June 17 the traditional ceremony marking the close of the Equestrian Olympic Games took place in the stadium in Stockholm. After the banners of the competing nations had been carried into the stadium the Olympic flame was slowly extinguished.



IN PARIS: PRESIDENT COTY SALUTING THE FLAGS HELD BY VETERANS OF WORLD WAR I DURING CEREMONIES HELD ON JUNE 17 TO MARK THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LONG BATTLE OF VERDUN.



ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF WATERLOO: THE FRENCH "EAGLE" BEING PARADED DURING THE HANDING-OVER CEREMONY AT THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.



STANDING GUARD OVER THE STANDARD OF THE 45TH FRENCH REGIMENT CAPTURED AT WATERLOO: TWO N.C.O.s OF THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS. On June 18, the 141st anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, the "eagle" and standard of the 45th French Regiment, captured at Waterloo by Sergeant Charles Ewart, were handed over to the Royal Scots Greys in a ceremony in the Figure Court at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. The trophies are to be taken to Edinburgh and confided to the Governor of the Castle for safe keeping in the Greys' Museum.



BEING GREETED BY WORKERS ON A COLLECTIVE FARM IN GRIGORIPOLISS: MR. KHRUSHCHEV (HOLDING FLOWERS), FOLLOWED BY MARSHAL TITO. Marshal Tito, President of Yugoslavia, spent ten days of his recent three-week State visit to the Soviet Union touring provincial centres. Wherever he went he appeared to receive a demonstrative welcome from the Russian people. Before Marshal Tito left Moscow on June 20 he signed two joint declarations on co-operation between the two Governments



DURING THEIR TOUR OF THE COLLECTIVE FARM: WORKERS AND THEIR CHILDREN WELCOMING MARSHAL TITO (RIGHT) AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV. and Communist parties. It was stated that relations between Russia and Yugoslavia were now "fully normalised" and that economic, scientific and cultural ties would be developed. Marshal Zhukov, the Soviet Defence Minister, expressed his confidence that in any future war the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia would fight shoulder to shoulder.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ACROSS EUROPE IN A TEAPOT.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

"WHEN we were in Switzerland we were very naughty. We dug up a gentian. We brought it home in a teapot. But, alas, it died." The speaker, met casually in the train, was elderly, and obviously English. Who but an Englishwoman would travel about the Continent with a teapot, except perhaps the White Knight? The conversation arose through a spring gentian in my buttonhole.

Now having spent a great deal of my life collecting plants in all sorts of odd corners of the world, I have tried many methods of transporting live plants, and have seen and heard of many others. But never before had I come across the teapot technique. The sponge-bag method, yes. That is perhaps the oldest, the most popular, and certainly the worst way of transporting plants in vogue among folk who go to Switzerland—or the Alps generally. Stuff your roots of gentian, edelweiss, or what not, nice and damp into the sponge bag and draw the mouth securely tight, and when you get home you will almost certainly find what you deserve—a soggy mush. The teapot technique would be far preferable, if applied in the right way, though it might perhaps be found a trifle bulky and cumbersome as a travelling companion. I assumed that my friend in the train preferred English tea to Continental coffee, and so had gone equipped with her own tea and teapot, and then, in the interests of horticulture, dedicated the use of the teapot to the transport of the gentian during the last days or hours of the tour. We may be a nation of tea-drinkers, but even more are we a nation of gardeners. Too bad that this heroic sacrifice of tea-drinking was not rewarded with success, as it well might have been. For a teapot would, if the right method were employed, make an excellent substitute for a flowerpot without drainage. But perhaps the poor plant was stuffed in with lots of wet moss, and the lid kept severely on in the worst sponge-bag manner, until home was reached. I don't know. Did not enquire. The correct plan would be to plant the gentian in the teapot, head up, with damp, but not wet, moss in lieu of soil. The lid should be kept off as much as possible, but could be popped on in the train when the ticket-collector came round, and during the hour of crisis at the Customs. But there is no need to forgo tea during the last days of your Swiss holiday, in order to lug a gentian or an edelweiss across half Europe packed in your teapot. There are better, simpler methods of transport, and as the season for holidays in the Alps is upon us I will offer a few suggestions to those amateur gardeners who may be going for the first time, or who have been before, and whose casualties among collected plants have been disappointing. I know from experience how easily such casualties can occur. So although I have already discussed the subject on this page on a former occasion, I make no excuse for returning to it now, not only for the benefit of those with little or no experience of plant-collecting, but for the sake of the wretched plants themselves. Being dug up, and kept up for a week or more, during hot summer weather, and then carried off to an alien climate must be such a grim ordeal, such a major operation for any plant, that it is only fair and wise to make the operation as skilled as may be, and the nursing and after-care during convalescence on the highest level of comfort that can be devised. One of the most important things to remember in collecting Alpine, or any other, plants, is to

secure every scrap of root possible, and to do this a good, strong trowel is necessary. Having dug the plant up, my own plan is to shake, or even wash all soil from the roots, and at once wrap them in slightly damp, but never wet moss, with the roots well covered and the head or crown of leaves exposed. It is convenient to pack several plants together in this way, and to finish off by wrapping the moss bundle in newspaper—heads still exposed—and fasten with an elastic band or a tie of string. Treated in this way, the plants are, as it were, planted in small pots, with moss in lieu of soil, and paper wrapping in lieu of pot. My own bundles usually average about the size of a 3- or 4-in. flowerpot. I keep them exposed to light and air all the time (in hotel bedroom) standing upright

specimens rather than monsters. And always look out specimens growing in positions from which it will be reasonably easy to extract them complete with roots. It is convenient to have some small canvas haversack, with a single shoulder-strap, in which to carry the trowel, and into which to put the collected plants. It is a bore having to remove a rucksack—if you use one—every time you wish to pouch a collected plant. Soil may be removed at once and the roots wrapped in moss, to save carrying a lot of heavy earth, though personally I have usually done the de-soiling at the end of the day. Make sure of a supply of moss for packing.

Collect it when you see it and whilst the going is good. More than once I have failed to do this, and then found myself in a dry area during a hot spell, with no moss within miles.

Since I last wrote on this question of plant-collecting in the Alps a most valuable packing material has become readily available, the plastic sheeting polythene. You know it, of course. Its great virtue to the plant collector lies in the astonishing fact that whilst it retains the moisture in the moss and the plants wrapped in it, it at the same time allows the passage of air, so that the plants are able—for want of a better word—to breathe. It is therefore the exact opposite of the old airtight sponge bag, mewed up in which, damp plants were bound to moulder and rot in a relatively short time. Who wouldn't? Polythene, which is pleasantly inexpensive, may be bought in sheet form and in bags of various sizes at the right chemists' shops, or, I believe, from certain horticultural sundriesmen. A small supply in sheet form could be taken, and cut up into convenient pieces to wrap the mossed-up bundles of plants in place of the newspaper which I have always used in the past, and, in addition, a polythene bag might be taken, so that all the small wrapped plant bundles might be slipped into it before placing them in their final outer container—the little cheap attaché case which I hope you will take.

There is another use for a polythene bag, and that is as an outer container for the packet lunches which Alpine hotels provide for all-day outings, and almost invariably wrap loosely in flimsy paper, and tie, with infuriating feebleness, with cotton. With a polythene bag there should be no more sandwiches drying out on scorching hot days, with the bread slices curled back like lips in a hideous snarl. One last hint in connection with all-day outings in the Alps. The packet lunches provided by the hotels are almost invariably on the generous side; far more than one is likely to consume as a midday picnic lunch. Never discard the surplus until you are within sight and easy reach of your hotel. A sprained ankle or a sudden closing in of dense cloud may delay you for hours, even on the least dramatic excursion, and make you very glad indeed of the remains of the packet lunch.

In Switzerland, by the by, there are very definite restrictions on digging up wild plants. In the French and Italian Alps things are easier, or were when I was last there. There are restrictions, too, on bringing living plants into this country. A permit can be obtained from the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, and it is advisable to obtain one.

As to after-care of collected Alpines on reaching home. Have a bed of silver sand ready in a cold frame. Plant the Alpines in this, water thoroughly, and keep them shaded for a week or two until they have recovered sufficiently to be potted up, and later planted out.



ON THE GENERAL LIST OF PROTECTED PLANTS IN SWITZERLAND AND ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE OF ITS NATIVE PLANTS: *LILIUM MARTAGON*.

Holidaymakers in Switzerland who plan to collect a few plants in the manner Mr. Elliott advises would do well to remember also what he says: "In Switzerland . . . there are very definite restrictions on digging up wild plants." The scope of these restrictions varies in the different districts; and there are illustrated posters, showing what may not be dug up, displayed in appropriate places. As a general rule it is well to check before digging up any of the following: lilies, auriculas, lady's slipper and nigritella orchids, edelweiss, wild tulips, anemones and *Ranunculus glacialis*.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

and side by side in close formation, and only pack them in some container during actual travel from place to place—and finally home. It is convenient to have some special container for the wrapped, collected plants. A small, inexpensive fibre attaché case is excellent. It can travel out packed in some larger piece of luggage, and filled with small articles which would be going anyway, and so will occupy no extra space. It is a good plan to go provided not only with a strong workmanlike trowel, but a supply of tag labels and elastic bands—or string. Do not make the mistake of collecting too many of any one kind of plant, and make a point of selecting small to medium-sized

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BOUGHT FOR THE NATION FOR £50,000 WITH A SPECIAL GRANT FROM THE TREASURY OF £25,000: "ST. JOHN ON THE ISLAND OF PATMOS," THE FAMOUS VELASQUEZ WHICH HAS BEEN ON LOAN TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

On June 22, Mr. Henry Brooke, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, announced in a written Parliamentary reply that the Treasury was making a special grant of £25,000 towards the purchase of the Velasquez painting "St. John on the Island of Patmos" for the National Gallery in view of "the undoubted importance of this painting." This remarkable work, painted by Velasquez in Seville before 1623, is a canvas 53½ ins. by 40½ ins., with St. John about life size. It was originally bought in Spain in 1809 by Bartholomew Frere, whose

direct descendants, Mrs. Woodall and the Misses Frere, lent it to the National Gallery in 1946 and who now feel obliged to sell it. The owners gave the National Gallery the option of purchase at £50,000 and allowed time for the necessary arrangements to be made. As regards the remainder of the price, the Pilgrim Trust have contributed £10,000, the National Art-Collections Fund £3000 and the trustees of the National Gallery have been able to find the remaining £12,000 from their normal grant-in-aid and trust funds.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. PRE-RAPHAELITES.

By FRANK DAVIS.



IN my hotel one recent Saturday the conversation was wholly American. That same afternoon I spent more than an hour in the Orangerie in the garden of the Tuileries, and heard only French, nor did I detect a single American or Englishman amid a crowd of two or three hundred. Whether this proves that the English-speaking peoples on holiday find an exhibition of Italian paintings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries alarming, I don't know. Most decidedly the French do not, for the crowd was by no means composed of serious professorial types, but of all sorts and conditions and of all ages *en famille*, and it was a pleasure to stroll round and listen—they were so obviously enjoying themselves as much as I was. The occasion was the exhibition of Italian primitives gathered together from thirty or so French provincial museums, to see which, in the ordinary way, would mean a lengthy tour all over France—



FIG. 2. "THE DEATH OF ABSALOM": A CASSONE PANEL BY FRANCESCO PESELLINO (1422-57), WHOM MR. DAVIS CALLS "THIS MOST LOVABLE OF PAINTERS," FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE LE MANS MUSEUM. (1 ft. 5½ ins. by 1 ft. 7½ ins.)

from Amiens to Nice, from Strasbourg to Bordeaux, and then to Albi and across the sea to Ajaccio.

There are more than 150 all told—and before you began to look at any one of them individually you had already been beguiled the moment you stepped through the door by soft blues and pinks, and reds and gold against grey walls—a hushed radiance of colour. The French refer to the exhibition simply and accurately as that of the "Pre-Raphaelites," knowing next to nothing and caring less than nothing about our own Pre-Raphaelite goings-on, which, when they happen to hear of them, seem just a curious, if interesting, aberration on the part of the island race—an opinion shared by many of us. It is about 150 years since French collectors began to take a serious interest in these early works, and 100 years since Sir Robert Peel, referring to the proposed acquisition by the National Gallery of a Botticelli, made the memorable remark that he did not think the Gallery should concern itself with curiosities. By now I presume that few of us have not, at one time or another, failed to be transported out of the humdrum world by certain of these apparently naïve and artless visions of a past age, even though we have not succeeded in digesting the immense literature which has been devoted to them—a literature copiously referred to in the admirable catalogue. The point I really want to make is that, while the meticulous study of this enormous and difficult subject can be of absorbing interest, it is by no means essential for its enjoyment. The things, to all but the blind (among whom, apparently, we must include the worthy Sir Robert), speak for themselves.

A small girl, assuredly innocent of the weighty pronouncements of the learned, was standing in

front of the little painting of Fig. 1, wide-eyed, and saying to her mother, "*Comme c'est beau ce jardin! Comme c'est beau!*" and was dragged unwillingly away at five o'clock, when the gallery



FIG. 1. "THE CONVERSION OF SAINT AUGUSTINE": A FRAGMENT FROM THE PREDELLA OF AN ALTAR-PIECE, PROBABLY BY FRA ANGELICO (1387-1455). FROM THE CHERBOURG MUSEUM, AND CURRENTLY EXHIBITED AT THE ORANGERIE IN PARIS. (7½ by 12½ ins.)

closed for the day. "I have a red dress, too, like the man," she said. A mere enjoyer, I'm afraid, not a critic, but how pleased Fra Angelico, whose work it probably is, would have been had he heard! Amid the applause due to a generation of scholars whose labours have put some sort of order into the early history of European art and have made an exhibition of this kind possible, I reserve one small cheer for babes and sucklings of this calibre. Neither the little girl nor I were in the least interested in the identity of the saint in the centre—all we cared about was his beautiful red dress amid the trees and the flowers and the whole enchanted atmosphere. The picture, a fragment from the predella of an altar-piece, represents St. Augustine in meditation, and was given to the Museum at Cherbourg as long ago as 1835. The most generally accepted theory appears to be that it was painted about 1425-30.

The whole exhibition is full of examples of this kind of magic, a young man's vision of a world at once closely observed and then stylised, not as Matisse laboriously worked from nature to abstraction in those bronzes at the Tate Gallery which have produced indignant letters to *The Times*, but as the Blessed Damosel herself might have painted before Rossetti made a sulky, mawkish fool of her. Such a thing is the "Death of Absalom" in Fig. 2—the beautiful young Florentine caught by his hair in the tree—or its companion—"The Penitence of David" (Fig. 3)—wherein the King, before two gravely beautiful persons, harp in hand, is praying for the earth to cover him—and so it is. Acquired by the Museum of Le Mans in 1863, these two cassone panels are by the Florentine Francesco Pesellino, who died in 1457 at the age of thirty-five. Even the sober and learned

cataloguer, normally so judicious, allows his pen a few flourishes in his note about this most lovable of painters. "Mingling the serene lucidity of Angelico, Uccello's feeling for space, the chromatic lyricism of Domenico Veneziano and the formulas of his workshop—companion Lippi, Pesellino arrived at an original style whose measured charm, classic finesse, atticism, reach their most delicate expression in his predellas and cassoni."

In addition to 130 paintings there are a dozen pieces of sculpture, one of them an enchanting child's head attributed to the workshop of Desiderio da Settignano, and twenty-two drawings, many from the Museum at Rennes, in Brittany, which once belonged to the Marquis de Robien and, as the catalogue so tactfully puts it, "entered the museum at the time of the Revolution"—in other words, were confiscated. Two of them are by Leonardo da Vinci, one by Botticelli, one by Giovanni Bellini. These are, of course, great names; there are others, too, among the paintings; but many are anonymous or by very minor painters, but lovable all, even at their most serious.

It is curious, as M. André Chastel points out in the catalogue introduction, that the discovery of what we now call primitive painting should have happened just at the moment when everything had to be neo-classic, when no one could escape the cult of "antique nobility"—the age, in short, of J. L. David. "The art of the eighteenth century is corrupt, that of the seventeenth century suspect. The old Italian Masters could provide a useful argument for the opponents of modern sophistication." Thence numerous treatises, among them one of 1812. "What false and inconsequent criticism would be that which, hailing Raphael as the prince of painters, refused to recognise the value of those very models which had illuminated and guided this great man's first steps, and which themselves had sprung from inestimable early examples." From this it was but a short step to the declaration that "by the sixteenth century what painting had gained in technique, it had lost in dignity, in naivety, in beauty." But this is no place in which to discuss either the history of taste or the niceties of theory. I merely want to record that this exhibition can enchant both the learned and the ignorant.



FIG. 3. "THE PENITENCE OF DAVID," IN WHICH THE KING'S PRAYER THAT THE EARTH MAY COVER HIM IS BEGINNING TO TAKE EFFECT: ALSO BY FRANCESCO PESELLINO, A COMPANION PICTURE TO FIG. 2, AND FROM THE SAME COLLECTION. (1 ft. 5½ ins. by 1 ft. 7½ ins.)

A MAGNIFICENT GAINSBOROUGH BOUGHT FOR £13,500; AND OTHER MASTER WORKS EXHIBITED AT AGNEW'S.



"THE MADONNA ADORING THE INFANT CHRIST," BY FRANCESCO BOTTICINI (1446-1498): ONE OF THE ELEVEN WORKS IN THE SUMMER EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS AT MESSRS. AGNEW'S WHICH COME FROM THEIR OWN STOCK. (Panel; 41½ by 28½ ins.)



"ST. CHRISTINA AND ST. OTHILIA," BY LUCAS CRANACH THE ELDER (1472-1553): FROM THE LOCKINGE COLLECTION. (Panel; 47½ by 24½ ins.)



BOUGHT BY LORD BEAVERBROOK FOR £13,500: "LIEUTENANT-COLONEL EDMUND NUGENT," BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788). (Canvas; 92½ by 61 ins.)



"THE TRIUMPH OF CHASTITY," BY FRANCESCO DI GIORGIO MARTINI (1439-1502): ANOTHER WORK ON LOAN FROM THE LOCKINGE COLLECTION. (Panel; 16 by 48½ ins.)

TEN of the twenty-one works in the Summer Exhibition of Pictures by Old Masters at Messrs. Agnew's, 43, Old Bond Street, have been lent from the Lockinge Collection by Christopher Loyd, Esq., M.C. This collection was formed over a century ago by Mr. S. J. Loyd, later Lord Overstone, who was an outstanding economist and banker. His collection was left

to Lady Wantage, who added to it, and left that part of the collection from which the present group has been lent to the late A. T. Loyd. The most famous picture from the Lockinge Collection is the majestic "Enchanted Castle," painted by Claude in 1664. There are two important works by Lucas Cranach the Elder, one of which is reproduced on this page. Among the Italian paintings from the Lockinge Collection, the Francesco di

Giorgio Martini (reproduced above) is outstanding. The English school is well represented by two fine Turners and by John Opie's "The Schoolmistress," of which Horace Walpole wrote in 1784: "Great nature; the best of his works yet." The remainder of this interesting exhibition is made up of pictures from the firm's own stock. Outstanding among these is the important Gainsborough portrait reproduced on this page. It was announced on June 18 that this picture had been purchased from Agnew's by Lord Beaverbrook for £13,500 for presentation to the University of New Brunswick. It is one of the most brilliant full-length portraits ever painted by Gainsborough and remained in the Nugent family until sold in 1929. It has since been in American and Swiss collections before being bought by Agnew's. Clement Newce, of Much Hadham, was the father-in-law of Lawrence Washington, an ancestor of George Washington. This exhibition continues open until July 21.



"THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON," BY JACOPO DA BASSANO (1510-1592). (Canvas; 39 by 38 ins.) (Lockinge Collection.)



"CLEMENT NEWCE," BY THE MASTER OF THE 1540'S. THE ARMS ON THE LEFT ARE THOSE OF THE MERCERS' COMPANY AND THOSE ON THE RIGHT OF THE MERCHANT ADVENTURERS' COMPANY. INSCRIBED: AND. DNI 1545. (Panel; 33 by 26½ ins.)

THE VANISHED CROWN OF MARY OF MODENA: A COUNTERFEIT OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY FOUND UNDER A ROYAL DIADEM OF THE EIGHTEENTH.

By MARTIN HOLMES, F.S.A., Assistant Keeper of The London Museum.

EARLY this year the Trustees of the London Museum acquired the small crown (Fig. 6) illustrated in this issue. It was set with eighteenth-century paste diamonds and still later imitation pearls, and tradition said that it was the jeweller's model for the crown of Caroline of Anspach, Consort of George II, and had been made by the father of Francis Grose the antiquary. Tradition is always valuable, but its value is the greater when it can be corroborated by independent evidence, and the attribution was investigated by the Museum with the valued assistance of Major-General H. D. W. Sitwell, C.B., M.C., Keeper of the Jewel House in the Tower of London.

The first thing noteworthy about the appearance of the crown on this inspection was the contrast between the outline of the metal frame and the shapes of the jewelled motifs superimposed upon it. At a short distance it is only the diamond forms that are distinguishable, but close examination shows a distinctive and quite independent outline behind them, suggesting that the metal frame originally formed part of a totally different design, and one not entirely unfamiliar. Accordingly, it was decided to investigate matters further by removing one of the crosses and one of the fleurs-de-lis, thus exposing a further extent of the original framework (Figs. 5 and 8). This done, it was at once apparent that the paste diamonds, in their scrolled open-work settings, had been laid down upon the framework of a crown designed to be set with large single stones, or clusters and rosettes, in the fashion of the previous century. It can be seen that the fleurs-de-lis were attached merely to simple trefoil forms, pierced with central rivet-holes to take whatever type of lily-form might be devised, but that the uprights of the crosses go up to support the transverse arches, and have had to be pierced, accordingly, to match the central settings of the crosses themselves.

In the same way, scrutiny of the interior of the crown (Fig. 7) shows that the arches were pierced with a series of large holes, to take single stones or clusters instead of the settings now to be seen there, which are detachable silver overlays, fixed on with rivets. Moreover, the arches themselves are separate from the crosses, being attached to them by small rivets, as may be seen in Fig. 7, making it possible to remove them completely if it is desired to turn the jewel into an open circlet or coronet. The central monde, or globe, and its open-work cross finial can be removed by undoing a small nut at the point of junction of the arches, where four protruding diamonds help to hide it from sight.

This older crown-frame would be interesting in any event, but it is made all the more so by its correspondence with the outline and setting of an identifiable seventeenth-century crown. Mary of Modena, second wife of James II, was the first Queen Consort since the Restoration. Two crowns were made for her accordingly in 1685, and are illustrated and described in Sandford's detailed account of the coronation ceremony. One of them, the "rich crown" worn on the return to Westminster Hall, is still to be seen in the Jewel House. Sandford tells us that it was made by Mr. Richard Beauvoir, jeweller, "in which he had

the Honour to please Their Majesties in a high degree." It was re-set on many occasions for different sovereigns, but its rim is pierced with holes that correspond with the settings in Sandford's original illustration. The present settings approximate to those made for it when it was used

Crown, being made of metal with a shaped upper edge, and set with large single stones, clusters and rosettes. It will be observed that each arm of the crosses about the rim is set with one large stone amid three small ones, and another large stone in the centre of the cross itself. Crosses and lilies would be detachable, but where the cross overlay the upright leading from the rim to the arch, the perforations for the jewels would have to go through cross and upright alike. As Fig. 8 shows, the uprights in the Museum cross are pierced in conformity with the setting depicted in the Sandford engraving, indicating that we have here the outline of the crown designed for the Queen Consort in 1685. Further corroboration is given by the fact that the arches of this crown are

detachable, while those of Mary of Modena's crown in the Tower are continuous with the crosses from which they spring. The crown that was used by George II, when Prince of Wales, had to undergo a certain amount of alteration, including the temporary removal of one of its transverse arches, to convert it into the single-arched diadem appropriate for the Heir to the Throne, and traces of that conversion are still visible on the inside of the Museum specimen.

Did it serve thereafter as a jeweller's model? This does not square with any known practice. General Sitwell has found that when alternative designs for crowns were submitted to Queen Anne, the jeweller used his own metal and took it back each time, charging only for the workmanship. As the eighteenth century advanced, there seems to have been a fondness for the use of large stones in light settings, so that the eye rests on the jewels rather than on their framework or background. The five crosses on the Tower crown illustrate this point, as they constitute the main difference between its present appearance and its original setting for Mary of Modena. Similarly, the stones in the Museum crown give its crosses a very different outline from that indicated by the shape of the open setting (Figs. 2 and 3). A detailed engraving of the Crown of State used by George II shows it covered with scrolled open-work set with jewels, very much in the style of the Museum specimen but more gorgeous. These settings could be, and apparently were, attached, jewels and all, to the frame of the original crown, and could be stripped off *in toto*, if necessary, when the hired diamonds were returned to the jeweller and the ordinary coloured stones, still in their own independent settings, went back on to the crowns where they belonged. A glance at the interior of our crown (Fig. 7) shows the simplicity of the attachment, and the ease with which the whole appearance of the diadem could be changed.

Between coronations, the crowns were not always kept set with precious stones. Certain Tower inventories list them as "without stones," one or two give lists of jewelled "pieces" not made up, and there are surprisingly early allusions to some mysterious objects called "patent pearls." Edmondson's *Heraldry* in 1780 roundly says that St. Edward's crown, when on view in

the Tower, was set with imitation stones for display purposes, and that, most probably, explains the setting of our specimen. Grose is reported to have been employed on the crown jewels of George II, and it seems that this is his work, and is no jeweller's model, but the actual Coronation Crown, the silver settings being based upon the earlier frame. A crude and inaccurate engraving published in 1763 (Fig. 1), reproduced Sandford's old "Mary of Modena" engraving with a different design on the arches and a finial corresponding with that now on the crown. [Continued opposite.



FIG. 1. THE EARLIEST RECORDED ILLUSTRATION OF THE OPEN-WORK DIAMOND CROSS THAT SURMOUNTS "QUEEN CAROLINE'S CROWN," WHICH WAS RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE TRUSTEES OF THE LONDON MUSEUM AND IS ILLUSTRATED IN FIG. 6.

An imaginative and largely inaccurate picture purporting to represent the crown of George III. The finial is that of Queen Caroline's crown; the rest is a re-drawing of Fig. 4, with imaginative variations.



FIG. 2. BACK VIEW OF THE FLEUR-DE-LIS AND CROSS FROM THE CROWN, NOW IDENTIFIED AS THAT OF MARY OF MODENA, MARKED WITH NUMERALS TO INDICATE THEIR PLACES ON THE CROWN.



FIG. 3. THE FRONT VIEW OF THE FLEUR-DE-LIS AND CROSS, SHOWING HOW THE SINGLE STONES COMPLETELY ALTER THE ORIGINAL OUTLINE OF THE SETTINGS.

as a Crown of State to surmount the full-bottomed periwig of George I in 1714.

The other crown is more elusive. General Sitwell's researches in the Public Record Office indicate that it was made by Sir Robert Vyner, who had made the Regalia for Charles II. Later it appears that it was worn by George II, when Prince of Wales, at the coronation of his father, but thereafter it drops out of sight and makes no identifiable appearance either in official inventories or in general descriptions of the Crown Jewels. The engraving in Sandford (Fig. 4) shows that it followed the general lines of St. Edward's

A PIECE OF DETECTION WHICH IDENTIFIED A CROWN AND REVEALED A COUNTERFEIT.



FIG. 4. MARY OF MODENA'S CROWN, AS ORIGINALLY MADE AND SET BY SIR ROBERT VYNER IN 1685, WHICH AFTER ALTERATIONS CAME TO BE KNOWN AS QUEEN CAROLINE'S CROWN, SEEN ON THE RIGHT IN FIG. 6.



FIG. 6. A FRONTAL VIEW OF THE CROWN. THE DIAMONDS IN THEIR OPEN-WORK SETTINGS CONCEAL THE OUTLINE OF THE UNDERLYING FRAME.



FIG. 7. INSIDE THE CROWN: SHOWING THE SILVER OVERLAY ON THE ORIGINAL ARCHES, AND THE RIVETS (TOP OF LEFT-HAND CROSS) WHERE THE ARCHES WERE CUT AND REJOINED.



FIG. 5. THE INNER FRAMEWORK OF THE CROWN, SHOWING THE ORIGINAL PIERCING UNDER A FLEUR-DE-LIS HALF OBSCURED BY A LATER SETTING.

Continued.
The letterpress beneath attributes it to Grose, but says it was worn by George III, and gives a set of completely wrong dimensions applicable to the crown of George II. It is a piece of cheap and inaccurate journalism, based on one feature remembered right, two or three more remembered wrong, and some details appropriated from a different object, but it is noteworthy as being the earliest recorded illustration of the open-work diamond cross that surmounts the whole. One point of particular interest concerns the metal of the frame. The exterior surface answers to the normal tests for gold, but when the same tests are applied to the interior, usually concealed by the velvet cap worn within the crown, they reveal it to be brass, uncommonly well plated with gold in all the places where it shows. There is no evidence to show when the substitution was discovered. Vyner was in grave financial difficulties in 1685, when he made Queen Mary of Modena's crown, so it is just possible that the fraud was his. If there was a later substitution, we



FIG. 8. THE INNER FRAMEWORK OF ONE OF THE CROSSES, PIERCED WITH HOLES CORRESPONDING TO THE SETTINGS OF MARY OF MODENA'S CROWN (FIG. 4).

may conjecture that it was after the coronation of William and Mary in 1689. Sir Robert Vyner had died the year before, and his nephew and namesake succeeded him in office for a suspiciously short time. The work of adapting the arches in 1714 for the Prince of Wales, however, would reveal the deception, at too late a stage for anything to be done about it, but it is significant that after the coronation of George I the present plain gold crown (or demi-crown, as Edmondson calls it) was made for the Prince of Wales, and the old coronation crown of the Queen Consort would be available for subsequent use as a supporting framework for the diamonds of Queen Caroline.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE whole subject of play in animals continues to fascinate me: and by fascinate I mean it holds me in its grip, so that always and again I find myself reverting to it. I have returned to it several times on this page, and have discussed it wherever possible with anyone who may be able to extend my knowledge of it or criticise my

ANIMAL FUN AND GAMES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

to the way of life of its kind. The puppy uses its teeth more especially, the kitten its claws. From that point, the emergence of play follows in clearly defined stages, and at each we see tricks being employed which are likely to be of use later. Each of these is, however, a vacuum activity, since it may be indulged in without necessarily being stimulated by something from without. A kitten will chase an imaginary mouse; and it does so not because it visualises a mouse in front of it, or because it knows that some day it must hunt for a living, but because that is the way it cannot help behaving. To that extent the action is instinctive, but to label it so, misses the much deeper implication, that play is, in fact, an expression of the rhythm of life, an inherited or inherent rhythm.

I have seen a young dog, before ever it had hunted a rabbit or anything else, performing in the bracken exactly as if it were hunting. Not a movement was left out, and to the human eye it looked a pure example of make-believe. Supposing a young, inexperienced dog, provided it was not hungry and not trained to kill, should meet a rabbit in these circumstances. There will be a quickening of the tempo of its play and the play itself will be the more certainly directed at the rabbit.

But there will not necessarily be a kill at the end, except perhaps if the dog becomes too excited. Let us now transpose the situation, to wild life and a hungry, wild dog. Exactly the same sequence or rhythm will be enacted, but now with deadly purpose. The rhythm which, as a vacuum activity, was play, is now channelled into a purposive action upon which survival depends. Play becomes the hunt, followed by the kill, and the easing of hunger.

We need not take a domesticated animal for illustration. There have been several well-authenticated accounts of a fox seen playing with a leveret, and at the end of the play the two have gone their ways. The actions witnessed were not unlike those of a hungry fox chasing a leveret, but with the difference that no bones were broken.

Once play is seen as an inherent rhythm then it becomes easy to explain many things. First of all, play could easily, under certain conditions, show itself as a displacement activity, the equivalent of my going for a walk. Secondly, the impulse for play would naturally be greater in the young animal, because of its greater reserve of

undirected energy. Conversely, the impulse in the mature animal will have become directed purposively into the actions appropriate to satisfying bodily needs. Thirdly, the fact that play increases with heightened bodily health, good weather and other favourable circumstances merely indicates that the basic metabolism, which provides the energy for the natural rhythm, is in a high state of efficiency.

This last point leads naturally to another legitimate conclusion, that play is enjoyed. That is merely another way of saying that everything is in tune, there are no physical discords, the body is vibrantly comfortable. To this, a spirit of fun and a sense of humour are near neighbours; but we can neither deduce their presence, nor argue it. We can only observe and draw such deductions as we choose from our observations. What we can say is that if we observe something having the appearance of a set game, then at least we have the potentiality for indulging fun, or even a sense of humour. As to this last, merely because an animal does not laugh or grin is no proof that humour is absent. After all, I smile when I am pleased; a dog wags his tail. Each according to his capacity.

Some time ago, after I mentioned play on this page, Mrs. P. Trelawny, of Arizona, wrote to me giving graphic descriptions of the games played by her two pets, a cat and a dog. Moreover, she very kindly sent me a series of photographs to illustrate and emphasise her points. There must have been—indeed, there have been—numerous such examples among domestic pets; the games of hide-and-seek, touch-you-last and the rest. The games are remarkably like those that come naturally to young humans. The circumstances also are comparable. Domestic pets, like the average young human, are well-fed, living in conditions of relative security and not overburdened with care. The fact that animals at play do not indulge in hilarious laughter—our symptoms of fun and humour—is beside the point. Apart from this, the parallel is exact.

Unfortunately, fun and humour are dynamic and even the best of photographs are static. Moreover, only a long series of photographs can do justice to the occasion, and we have not the space



"WHERE IS THAT CAT?" THE POODLE JUMPS TO ATTENTION AS THE CAT'S HEAD APPEARS FROM BENEATH THE SOFA. AFTER A SPLIT SECOND THE CAT DASHES ROUND THE ROOM WITH THE POODLE FOLLOWING IT IN HOT PURSUIT.

conclusions. Very near to the question of whether animals play, within the human meaning of the word, are two questions often posed, namely, whether animals have a sense of humour and whether they can show a spirit of fun. These questions are not as trivial as they may appear.

First of all, then, let us have the opinion of those who make a special study of animal behaviour. If I interpret their remarks correctly, the body of opinion tends to the view that no animals—and, so far as I can gather, this means precisely what it says—play, in the human sense. There is, however, the minority that is prepared to accept that animals do play, but see in it either an instinct, or a vacuum activity, or a displacement activity. Have animals a sense of humour, or a spirit of fun—well, perhaps we scratch our chins a little over that and look a little doubtful.

My own growing conviction is that play in animals may be a vacuum activity, or it may be a displacement activity, or it may be an instinct, and that, above all, it is exactly the same as in ourselves in that it springs from the same causes. It is manifested somewhat differently, for obvious reasons: because we are dealing with differing mental capacities, and differing abilities to exploit the world around us. In any event, play is recognisable, outside the human sphere, mainly in the higher animals.

A vacuum activity is one that arises spontaneously and without any stimulus from the outside. A displacement activity arises when two opposing impulses are in conflict and action is channelled in behaviour inappropriate to the prevailing circumstances. Thus, if I feel I ought to go out and weed the garden when what I wish to do is to read a book, I probably stand by the backdoor and scratch my head. After that I probably go for a walk, which is my form of play nowadays. It is inappropriate to the prevailing circumstances, since the garden remains unweeded and the book remains unread.

If we watch the play of young animals, such as cats or dogs, or wild animals of similar mental capacity, we see that it has a recognisable design. To begin with, it starts, as soon as the animal has learned to use its limbs, in simple actions appropriate



THE NEXT PHASE OF THE GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK: A BOUT OF WRESTLING, THE FIRST ROUND OF WHICH THE POODLE NEARLY ALWAYS WINS, ALTHOUGH IN THE FINAL ROUND THE CAT IS USUALLY THE VICTOR.

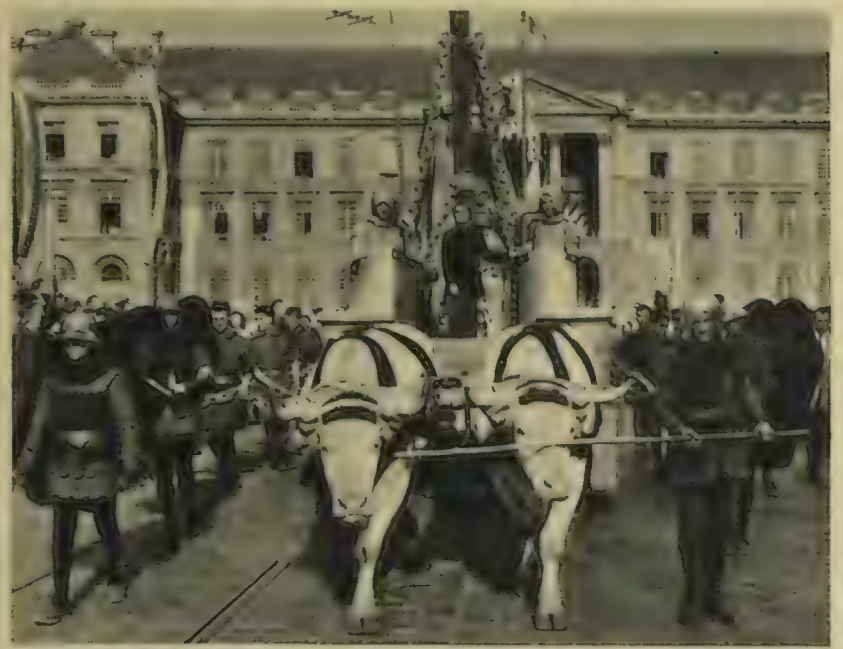
Photographs by P. Trelawny.

to show them here. The two given are, at least, suggestive that play, fun and humour are part of a basic rhythm of life which is not exclusively our prerogative.

NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR: A PICTORIAL MISCELLANY.



AT THE SPOT WHERE JOAN OF ARC WAS BURNED AT THE STAKE: PRESIDENT COTY IN THE PLACE DU VIEUX-MARCHE, IN ROUEN.



THE CAPTURE OF THE MAID: ONE OF THE *TABLEAUX VIVANTS* IN THE ROUEN PROCESSION WHICH ILLUSTRATED SCENES FROM JOAN OF ARC'S LIFE. On June 24 M. Coty, the French President, attended the Rouen celebrations of the 500th anniversary of the rehabilitation of Joan of Arc. In the old market-place, where St. Joan was burned, President Coty laid the first stone of a national memorial to her.



(LEFT.) CROSSING THE FINISHING-LINE FIRST AND SETTING UP A RECORD: THE YAWL *BOLERO*, TAKING PART IN THE BERMUDA OCEAN YACHT RACE.

The Swedish 73-ft. yawl *Bolero* set up a new record in the Newport, Rhode Island-Bermuda ocean yacht race when it was first across the finishing-line at St. David's Head, Bermuda, on June 19, after covering the 635-mile course in the elapsed time of 69 hours, 44 mins. and 3 secs.; just 24 mins. and 3 secs. faster than the previous record set up by *Highland Light* in 1932. On a corrected time basis, however, Mr. Carleton Mitchell's *Finisterre* was declared the winner of the race. The winner is determined by a complicated mathematical formula based on the allowances for the size of the yacht.



IN OXFORD: LORD HALIFAX SHAKING HANDS WITH MR. TRUMAN AS HE ADMITTED HIM TO THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF CIVIL LAW.

Applause lasted for several minutes in the Sheldonian Theatre in Oxford on June 20 when the Earl of Halifax, Chancellor of the University, shook by the hand Mr. Harry S. Truman, former President of the United States, and admitted him to the degree of Doctor of Civil Law.



POLLING DAY IN EGYPT: COLONEL NASSER'S WIFE CASTING HER VOTE ON JUNE 24. ABOUT 140,000 WOMEN VOTED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN EGYPTIAN HISTORY WHEN COLONEL NASSER WAS ELECTED UNOPPOSED AS PRESIDENT OF THE EGYPTIAN REPUBLIC, AND THE NEW CONSTITUTION WAS ADOPTED.



IN WEST BERLIN: A GERMAN UNITY DAY COMMEMORATION AT A CEMETERY WHERE MEN WHO DIED IN THE JUNE 17 RISING LIE BURIED.

On June 17 many people in West Germany celebrated German Unity Day, to mark the anniversary of the June 17 rising in East Berlin three years ago. This photograph was taken in the cemetery in the French Sector, where a memorial marks the graves of those who died during the rising.

A ZOO WARNING REPEATED; THE CHURCH ASSEMBLY; AND OTHER NEWS.



(Above.)
A NEW WARNING NOTICE BEING POSTED AT THE REGENT'S PARK ZOO. SIMILAR NOTICES ARE BEING POSTED AT WHIPSNADDE FOLLOWING RECENT ACCIDENTS, ONE OF WHICH WAS FATAL.



THE GORILLA'S CAGE AT THE LONDON ZOO, TO SHOW THE CAGE BARS, THE PLATE-GLASS PARTITION AND THE SAFETY BARRIER—SHORTLY AFTER THE ACCIDENT. On June 7, it will be recalled, a small boy died after being mauled by a lion at Whipsnade; on June 19 a woman visiting the Regent's Park Zoo held her eleven-year-old son over the safety barrier so that he could feed the gorilla with sandwiches. The gorilla seized, bit and scratched the boy's hand. Since then the Zoological Society have stressed their warnings and stated their legal position.

(Right.)
THE OPENING SESSION OF THE CHURCH ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER—A GENERAL VIEW TAKEN ON JUNE 19.



One of the most interesting points raised at the Church Assembly this year was one raised on June 20, the day before the first full Assembly, in the House of Laity, sitting in Church House, Westminster. This dealt with a draft canon containing an oath of obedience to be taken by bishops and clergy to existing or future canons; and it was suggested that many clergy would not freely accept it or willingly obey it. Failure to obey a future canon would render a clergyman liable to discipline.



THE REINFOSS, THE WATERFALL AT THE END OF THE 1600-FT.-LONG SALMON PASS, NEAR MO, IN NORWAY—CLAIMED AS THE WORLD'S LONGEST SALMON PASS, MOST OF IT BEING A TUNNEL.



AT AN EXHIBITION IN NEW ZEALAND HOUSE, LONDON, WHICH TELLS THE EARLY STORY OF NEW ZEALAND: A COMMUNION SET USED BY THE REV. SAMUEL MARSDEN, WHO HELD THE FIRST CHRISTIAN SERVICE IN NEW ZEALAND IN 1814.



WINNER OF THE ANNUAL THAMES SAILING-BARGE MATCH FROM LOWER HOPE TO THE NORTH OAZE BUOY AND BACK TO GRAVESEND: THE 56-TON VERONICA, BUILT IN 1906.

EAST GERMANY: RUSSIAN WITHDRAWALS.



A CEREMONIAL DEPARTURE: RUSSIAN AIR FORCE OFFICERS MARCH PAST THE C-IN-C. SOVIET FORCES, EAST GERMANY, AT BRANDENBURG AIRFIELD.



ANOTHER SCENE IN THE REDUCTION OF SOVIET ARMED FORCES: TANKS LEAVING WEIMAR, EAST GERMANY, FOR RUSSIA ON JUNE 21.



A STORMOVIC ABOUT TO LEAVE BRANDENBURG AIRFIELD: PART OF THE "PEACE CAMPAIGN" WAS THE OPENING OF THE AIRFIELD TO THE PUBLIC, AND OTHER FESTIVITIES.

On June 20 the Russians organised a festival celebration at Brandenburg Airport, to which the public were invited, to mark the beginning of the withdrawals of Soviet forces from East Germany. The withdrawal is part of the Russian demobilisation scheme, which will reduce their forces by a total of over one million men, and bring their numbers in East Germany to about the same as that of Allied troops in West Germany. On June 21 there were departures of artillery, armoured and other units from Magdeburg and Weimar. Much propaganda was made out of the departures by the authorities. Twenty thousand East Germans were present, and Herr Nuschke, a Deputy Prime Minister, said the Russians were setting a good example which the West should follow. Many of the aircraft to leave were obsolete; more up-to-date aircraft are being retained, and some of these were seen in the fly-past at Brandenburg.

THE V.C. CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS.

To mark the centenary of the institution of the Victoria Cross, holders of the award and relatives of deceased or posthumous holders have assembled in London from all parts of the Commonwealth to take part in the celebrations which have been arranged. Last week parties arrived from Canada, India and Australia, and the deeds which had won them their awards had been performed in many different theatres of war, including South Africa, the North-West Frontier of India, Burma, and the battlefields of Europe during the two world wars. Among the official centenary celebrations were a parade, and inspection by the Queen of the V.C. holders, at Hyde Park, where the first presentation of the medal was made by Queen Victoria in 1857, a service in Westminster Abbey, and a V.C. Exhibition at Marlborough House, which was opened by the Prime Minister last week. Altogether between 300 and 400 holders of the V.C. attended, and approximately 900 relatives.



ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT PORTSMOUTH: CANADIAN HOLDERS OF THE VICTORIA CROSS PHOTOGRAPHED ON BOARD THE HOMERIC ON JUNE 20.



FROM AUSTRALIA: AUSTRALIAN HOLDERS OF THE V.C. SEEN ABOARD THE LINER ARCADIA AS SHE ARRIVED AT TILBURY DOCKS ON JUNE 19.



TEN V.C.s FROM INDIA: ALL EXCEPT LIEUT. SINGH (LEFT) ARE STILL SERVING SOLDIERS. THEY ARRIVED AT TILBURY IN THE STRATHMORE ON JUNE 20.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



MUTINY AND MOONLIGHT.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THE fact that the curtain is up when we enter the Hippodrome may remind the long-remembered of an earlier play, "The Trial of Mary Dugan." It is a device that does not much impress me because, after all this time, I am still in love with the theatre theatrical, and part of the fun of that is to watch the curtain rise. (Agreed, there was no curtain in the drama's golden age; but I am perfectly prepared to mix my periods and to imagine one.)

It is a minor grumble. Even if I never believed that I was in the general court-martial room at San Francisco, I thoroughly enjoyed—any matter of "participation" aside—the tale of "The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial." Enjoyed it more completely, perhaps, because I had not read the novel, had not even met that film which was being discussed sibilantly behind me—and discussed annoyingly: again, in the matter of theatre-going, I am old-fashioned enough to wish to take each new move in a play as it comes.

The action of Herman Wouk's play—mentioned briefly in last week's Journal—is entirely verbal, but, granted enough imagination, we can both listen to the court-martial evidence and summon, as a background, those scenes in the *Caine* during the December typhoon of 1944 and earlier. As the night went on, I found that Mr. Wouk had got me to see for myself, though I would not say that the ship I visualised could ever have survived a typhoon. The point is that the play does set the imagination questing. Very briefly, it is the court-martial (February 1945) of an executive lieutenant for mutiny. "Wilfully, without proper authority, and without justifiable cause," said the indictment, he had deposed his commanding officer during a typhoon, relying (and here the defence takes over) on certain articles in the U.S. Navy Regulations that provide for "unusual and extraordinary circumstances." Commander Queeg, he held, was mentally unfit. Actually, Queeg is a psychopath, and the play shows how the court-martial of the lieutenant turns—thanks to the skill of defending counsel—into an unofficial trial of Queeg, with the man's own exposure of his unfitness.

It is not a task counsel likes, for he knows how the business began, how the young "exec" was prompted to his decision by a smart-alec lieutenant, a potential novelist with a war book on the stocks. Queeg, to him, is "copy." The war, and its nerve strains, do not matter if he can write the kind of book that counsel speaks of bitterly: "I'm sure it exposes this war in all its grim futility and shows up the regular army and navy officers—just a lot of stupid sadists, bitching up the campaigns, and throwing away the lives of fatalistic, humorous, lovable citizen soldiers..."

Queeg is unpleasant enough, but the young novelist Keefer is far more so. Greenwald, the counsel, is right when he says: "I guess what I've found out is that there's a time for everything, including rebellious youth." Keefer's was monstrously the wrong time. The play does not ram home Keefer's share as firmly as it might in the earlier stages. (Maybe the dramatist is so familiar with his own work by this time that he is apt to slide over certain things too quickly.) There are still playgoers unacquainted with the *Caine*; playgoers, moreover, who do not find an American accent altogether helpful when important material points are being discussed, and voices are keyed to a naturalistic "throw away." Some of us, at the back of the Hippodrome, took a little while to get tuned to the speakers. But the effort brought reward.

The principal reward was Lloyd Nolan's performance of Queeg. The commander gives evidence briefly during the first act, when, he seems to be

quite normal: an appearance that we understand when we hear counsel's shrewd question, and the psychiatrist's revealing answer, a little later in the play:

"Why is a psychiatrist needed, doctor? Can't an educated, intelligent person, like myself, or the judge advocate, or the court, detect a paranoid?"



"A MILD MUSICAL FRIVOL" OF THE LATE-VICTORIAN PERIOD: "JUBILEE GIRL" (VICTORIA PALACE), SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH MRS. PULLAR (IRIS TULLY—RIGHT) AND THE GIRLS OF HER "NEW WOMEN'S SCHOOL" APPEAR IN THE ECCENTRIC BALLET, "THE TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE."



"ABOUT A DUMMY THAT COMES TO LIFE IN THE WINDOW OF AN OXFORD STREET STORE": "MAN ALIVE!" (ALDWYCH), SHOWING A SCENE FROM JOHN DIGHTON'S FARCE, WITH (L. TO R.) MR. HATHAWAY (ROBERTSON HARE), WALDORF (BRIAN REECE) AND GEORGE INGLE (DAVID EVANS).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"MAN ALIVE!" (Aldwych).—After this I shall consider any wax dummy with respect. It may be on the verge of coming alive and quitting its window. That is the basic idea of John Dighton's Aldwych farce—it is agreeable to see the phrase again—which, though it could be much better than it is, is a useful bit of fantastic nonsense. Brian Reece (dummy into man), Robertson Hare (man into dummy), Joan Benham and Joan Sims (dummies all the time) lead the cast. (June 14.)

"JUBILEE GIRL" (Victoria Palace).—A mild musical frivol, late-Victorian period, that is smothered by an unfortunate choice of theatre. Maureen Quinney, Fenella Fielding and George Benson are in a company that has to move between Ascot, Henley and the Golden Jubilee procession, taking in a little archery on the way. (June 14.)

"ANYTHING MAY..." (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Another of the Cambridge May Week revues, now familiar visitors to London. More later. (June 20.)

"You evidently are not too well acquainted with the pattern. The distinguishing mark of this neurosis is extreme plausibility and a most convincing normal manner on the surface. Particularly in self-justification."

During the second act, when Queeg is tested, when he is forced to contradict himself, to retract, to bluster, to make a helpless exhibition of himself under cross-examination, we realise the theatrical quality of the part and the craft of Mr. Nolan's acting. Queeg's long speech, ragged, semi-incoherent, the blustering of a man upon the edge, is an uncanny bit of stagecraft, the X-raying of a man's mind. And no moment is more suddenly pathetic than when Queeg pauses for a moment, staring helplessly at the members of the court, before he goes from the room. His exit is, in effect, the verdict.

It is a pity, I think, that Mr. Wouk has sought to underline his points in an epilogue that trails away glumly: we do not need this, and it embarrasses. But the remainder of the play, once we get the pitch of the voices, is taut, absorbing, and acted worthily by all concerned, especially David Knight as defending counsel and Nigel Stock as the accused.

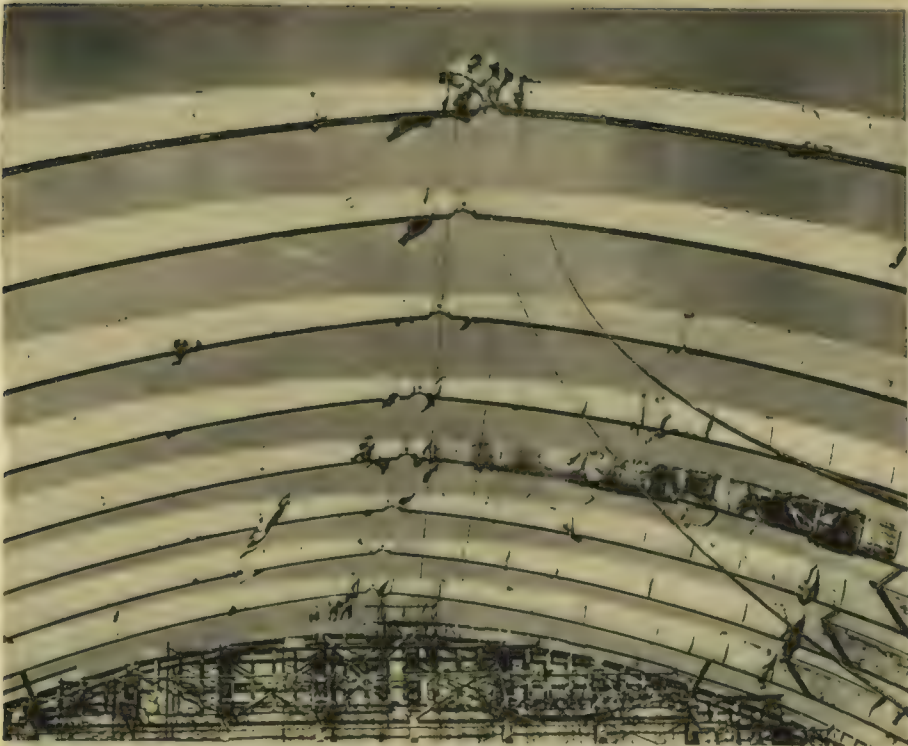
I also mentioned the Old Vic's "Romeo and Juliet" in the last Journal. Here, designed by Loudon Sainthill, is the most complex architectural

Verona that I recall: too elaborate, perhaps, but Robert Helpmann has planned his production with watchful care and intricacy. A splendid frame, then: I wish (for the play is one of three going soon to America) that the general performance could be more than merely serviceable. Never mind. In one part, Romeo, John Neville shows how verse should be spoken. In this play we must have the sound, and with Neville we have both the sound and the heart of the matter, the rapture and the grief, the lyric tragedy unhazed. Claire Bloom's Juliet, though her technical equipment is thorough and her reading is lucid, stays coldly outside the part, and elsewhere—except in Jeremy Brett's Paris—there is little feeling for the verse. Paul Rogers, with Mercutio's fire, has nothing of the man's fantasy: the Queen Mab aria lacks its gleam. In this revival the Nurse and Friar Laurence are younger than they often are. Wynne Clark's unexpected duenna hardly comes off; Jack Gwillim has his moments as the Friar, though it is not really his part. "Romeo," all said, belongs to Mr. Neville and to Mr. Helpmann.

From moonlight to moonshine. "Man Alive!" at the Aldwych is, astonishingly, about a dummy that comes to life in the window of an Oxford Street store. There are two other talking dummies, but theirs is a running commentary (for our benefit) that "humans" on the stage cannot hear. The model warmed into flesh-and-blood by a sun-ray lamp of horrifying powers is Brian Reece; this Mr. Waldorf Patent-Pending—the name, he says, is stamped on his back—makes a nice thing of his waxen charm. Still, I prefer Joan Benham and Joan Sims as his more cynical companions: they are quite miraculously window-pieces. Also

around, and happily at the Aldwych again, is Robertson Hare as the store director, waiting to be humiliated (he becomes a dummy himself) and crying, "O, Merthyr Tydfil!" John Dighton has had a rich, fantastic idea that he could have executed better. The dialogue is too often bleak and obvious, and yet the second half of the night has a telling wild idiocy. On the whole, I would say that the farce just gets over. This is more than "Jubilee Girl" does at the Victoria Palace; but I feel that the big theatre (with its Crazy Gang associations) is quite unsuited to a gentle late-Victorian period musical comedy, and that the moonshine is behind a cloud the authors could not have bargained for when they began to write.

FROM TOKYO TO FLORIDA: A MISCELLANY SPANNING THE WORLD AND THE CENTURIES.



WOODEN ARCHES WITH A SPAN OF 242½ FT.: GIGANTIC "TIMBERS" MADE BY LAMINATION USED IN A NEW PALM BEACH BUILDING, FLORIDA. THE TWO WORKMEN FIXING THE CROWN PIN ARE ABOUT EIGHT STOREYS UP.



CLAIMED AS THE LONGEST BUILDING IN THE FAR EAST: A DUAL-PURPOSE STRUCTURE, 5000 FT. LONG, IN THE HEART OF TOKYO.

This building, which is being erected on ground which was formerly a moat in the heart of Tokyo, is designed to serve two purposes. Its two storeys can serve as shops or offices, while its roof is constructed to serve as an arterial highway.



RUMANIAN SILVERWARE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: PART OF THE TREASURE WHICH THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT HAS AGREED TO RETURN TO BUCHAREST.

It was learnt on June 20 that the Soviet Government had agreed to return to the National Museum at Bucharest a number of Rumanian art treasures and ancient coins which have been in Russia since the First World War. The collection includes about 1300 paintings and many ikons and church vestments.



ONCE MORE EXHIBITED IN THE WEST BERLIN MUSEUM: THE FAMOUS STONE HEAD OF QUEEN NEFERTITI, WIFE OF AKHENATON. This famous painted stone head—one of the world's finest female portraits—was put for safety during the war in a salt mine and has been recently on exhibition in Wiesbaden. It has now been returned to Berlin, its home since its discovery at Tel-el-Amarna in 1912. It was taken to West Berlin by air.



THE WINNER OF THE MOBILGAS ECONOMY RUN: MR. H. G. W. KENDRICK (WITH LARGE TROPHY) AND HIS CO-DRIVER, MISS P. L. WRIGHT. Mr. H. G. W. Kendrick, driving an Austin A90 Westminster, won the 1956 Mobilgas Economy Run Trophy on June 16-17 and also the class for cars over 2600 c.c. On his right is Mr. H. W. Rocke, managing director of the Mobil Oil Co.



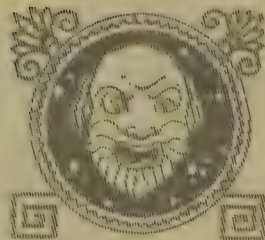
BOTTLES AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE—AND ALL WAITING TO BE FILLED WITH VICHY WATER: AN ASTONISHING SIGHT AT VICHY, THE FAMOUS FRENCH SPA—AND A NICE PROBLEM FOR THE AMATEUR CALCULATOR.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

DEGREES OF BADNESS.

By ALAN DENT.



IN the latest British film our sympathy is asked for a worthless girl who is to be hanged for shooting her lover's mistress; in the latest French one we are invited to chuckle over the quarrels of a gang of thieves who have stolen 50,000,000 francs' worth of solid gold and who end by almost exterminating each other. There is some depressing moral to be drawn here about the laxity of behaviour required to keep us interested and agog in our seats. But perhaps we should await some altogether better films about really bad people before we attempt to draw it! Neither "Yield to the Night" nor "Honour Among Thieves" is a great film, even in its kind; but the latter, the French one, is lightly and even wittily handled, and much can readily be forgiven in any film which has the near-veteran, M. Jean Gabin, at the head of its cast.

At the head of the cast of the British film is that resolute charmer, Diana Dors, who tries very hard indeed to move us about the plight of Mary Hilton, a girl in a perfume shop who disliked and left her husband (we are not clearly told why). Anyhow, she left him for one Jim Lancaster, a feckless young man who played little vicious tunes on the piano in a vicious, big night-club.



"WE ARE INVITED TO CHUCKLE OVER THE QUARRELS OF A GANG OF THIEVES WHO HAVE STOLEN 50,000,000 FRANCS' WORTH OF SOLID GOLD": "HONOUR AMONG THIEVES" (FILMS DE FRANCE LTD.), SHOWING MAX (JEAN GABIN) WITH OSKAR, HIS UNCLE (THE FENCE), IN A SCENE FROM THE FILM. (LONDON PREMIERE, JUNE 15; ACADEMY CINEMA.)

And when Jim proved to prefer the company of a rich young lady called Lucy, his poor little perfumer grew very sulky indeed. Lucy became openly weary of Jim and his sagging little tunes and drove him to suicide. Whereupon Mary took a revolver out of her handbag and emptied it into the elegant body of Lucy while that lady was retrieving bottles of liquor out of the back of her car.

The film begins with this murder, and then relates all that led up to it by the flash-back method. There is no doubt whatsoever about the coldness and the deliberateness of the deed. Mary fires her gun five times over in rapid succession, and then—after a tiny pause in which we can almost see her thinking, "I may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb!"—fires her sixth and last. Nothing that Miss Dors can do after this can make me feel sorry for Mary Hilton. The more she does, the more I feel like echoing Dr. Johnson: "The woman's a slut, and there's an end on 't."

But Miss Dors does much to oblige us all to think differently. She makes the prisoner in the condemned cell a strikingly different creature from the one who fired the gun. Gone are the voluptuous rolls of platinum hair. The face, if not innocent of murder, is at least innocent of make-up. Glamour has given way to perspiration. She walks carefully and composedly, and at least tries hard not to undulate. She is like a Bird of Paradise the morning after a night-long tornado. She still, it is true, has the half-shut eyes and the half-open mouth of the alluring young person whom Miss Dors normally presents. But she asks us to believe that the eyes are half-shut in anguish

and the mouth half-open in apprehension. She is given a line or two to suggest a kind of defiant remorse. But Miss Dors suggests nothing of the sort in her performance. She does succeed in suggesting a fallen creature—not greatly fallen, because she has fallen from no high eminence—who is supremely sorry for herself, but not in the least sorry for the crime she has committed.

Some critics have detected and praised a quality of pride in the performance—largely because Mary is unwilling to allow her husband or her relatives to see her in her plight. Here I see nothing but the vanity of a young woman whose beauty is of the sort that requires skilful and practised make-up. In any case, I have the conviction—far too strong to be called sneaking—that such a culprit would contrive to obtain at least a minimum of make-up somehow and anyhow. In the present case all the more so, because Mary is surrounded by a bevy of wardresses who are quite amazingly sympathetic and solicitous.

The bevy is made up of Yvonne Mitchell and Joan Miller as serious attendants in uniform, Molly Urquhart and Marjorie Rhodes as the more jocular sort, Marie Ney as the governor or superintendent, and Athene Seyler as a visitor from outside who makes a profession of soothing and healing and good-works generally. In surrounding herself with a cluster of actresses as good as this and as highly professional, Miss Dors has surely allowed her ambition to outsoar her discretion. Any one of them—and the first two of them most particularly—could play a condemned murderess shatteringly well, and might achieve the feat of turning "Yield to the Night" into a tragedy with something like the power and force

of John Galsworthy's "Justice." But in lieu of real tragic quality Miss Dors only has grit, and instead of stirring us into indignation with the law as it stands—which would appear to be the film's purpose—we are stirred only to wonderment that so fetching a young woman can go to such extravagant lengths in the endeavour to make herself look really plain in the cause of art or propaganda.

The bad characters in "Honour Among Thieves"—and there is not a single one of them who has any tinge of goodness—are every bit as bad as Mary Hilton and as the bad lot into whom she fired her revolver. But they do not make the mistake of falling foul of the law and being incarcerated. Their crime has been a tremendous robbery of solid gold bars, and the gang with Max and Riton at its head (Jean Gabin and René Dary) is waiting for the air to clear before it will be able to turn its loot into cash.

It is quite a big gang, and there are, as goes without saying, many alluring little mistresses in the background to cheat, cajole, betray, and double-cross. The imbroglio in the film is, in fact, just about

the murkiest on record. But the director, Jacques Becker, who is also part-author, gives this imbroglio a lightness and a zest which make the film just as much satirical as it is realistic and horrible. In full control of this airy mood is the suave top-leader himself, the courteous and patient Max, to whom Jean Gabin lends the last degree of his subtlety and finesse. This is one of the very best actors on the screen of any country or in any language. If anyone takes

leave to doubt this assertion let him watch M. Gabin in the closing sequence of this film where Max has asked his latest love to luncheon, and is called to the telephone in the restaurant to be told that his co-partner in crime has succumbed. In rapid succession you may see chasing each other across his face (1) a shade of sorrow at the loss of his accomplice, (2) a beam of relief that he himself has escaped, (3) a twinkle of assurance that he will not be caught, (4) a courteous resolve that his fair partner must not be kept waiting or be troubled with the news he has heard, (5) a tender smile as he rejoins her at table, (6) an extremely quick run-through of all he has felt since he picked up the telephone, and, finally, (7) a complete return to the felicitous business of lunching and being unutterably gallant and unpreoccupied. This is acting.

Right away from all this crime, and punishment incurred, and punishment avoided, is "Goodbye, My Lady,"

a story about a little boy (Brandon De Wilde) in a Mississippi swamp who discovers and makes friends with a stray dog. The owner of the dog is found, and boy and dog have to part. The boy does not weep, because he

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



M. JEAN GABIN, WHO HEADS THE CAST IN THE FRENCH GANGSTER FILM "HONOUR AMONG THIEVES."

Mr. Alan Dent writes: "Incomparably the best performance of the last fortnight, in my opinion and experience, is that of M. Jean Gabin in the French gangster film 'Touchez Pas Au Grisbi,' which has been translated as 'Honour Among Thieves.' M. Gabin has aged in looks but gained proportionately in expressiveness. He began as an expert of the shrug, the dry twinkle of the eyes, the stare that grows in comprehension as it continues. He is now the complete master of these and many other subtleties, and he is given full play in his present film to build these up into a complete and memorable portrait—easily the most memorable thing in the film itself—of a king among thieves, a supreme rogue, a devilishly courteous old charmer."



A FILM WHICH TELLS OF THE PLIGHT OF A WORTHLESS GIRL WHO IS TO BE HANGED FOR SHOOTING HER LOVER'S MISTRESS: "YIELD TO THE NIGHT" (ASSOCIATED BRITISH-KENNETH HARPER PRODUCTION), SHOWING THE PRISONER, MARY HILTON (DIANA DORS), AND A WARDRESS (MARJORIE RHODES). (LONDON PREMIERE, JUNE 14; CARLTON.)

has reached the threshold of manhood. But the dog, "a little ole girl-dog" which is of the rare Basenji breed from Central Africa, sheds real tears. And so does everybody in the audience.

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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is rather hard to maintain a direct view in the face of other people's judgments; disagreement can so easily run away with one. I have had something of this difficulty with "Anglo-Saxon Attitudes," by Angus Wilson (Secker and Warburg; 15s.). The jacket refers to its "tragic hero," and critics seem to look on it as a major novel. No one says anything against the title, which I found so off-putting in advance, and gauche and unjustified when one had seen the point. It would be a bad fit on any novel; it is peculiarly so here, since a high proportion of the most grotesque attitudes are foreign ones. Moreover, it has surely a taint of aspiring amateurism. . . .

But one must not get run away with. Gerald Middleton may or may not be a tragic character (and I can't see it myself); he is at any rate the focus of a striving and solid book—the author's worthiest. At sixty-odd, this medieval historian has sunk into an idler of "mildly depressive temperament"—living apart from his large, agonisingly whimsical Danish wife, estranged from their three children, incapable of following up his great work on Cnut, and severed years ago from the one love of his life, who took to drink. (Here he is persistently described as a "sensualist," but never gets beyond looking at girls' figures.) And now they want him to edit the new *Medieval History* series. But he will shy off again—because he has always shied off the question of what Inge did to little Kay, and whether the fertility-image in Bishop Eorwald's tomb was a hoax. He felt convinced of this at the time; but the "joker" denied it afterwards, and was killed in the First War, and it would have been painful to say anything. His alternative was to leave the "Melpham find" unchallenged, and quietly throw up the sponge. . . .

Yet now, after a series of flashbacks at an excruciating "family Christmas," he has a revulsion from these despairs. They suddenly strike him as all nonsense. He accepts the editorship, tries to get nearer his children, though in vain, and actually clears up the Melpham fraud. The plot is elaborately worked out; so as to involve the largest number of characters as much as possible. But it is not really organic; and the sleuthing is only a lumbering confirmation of what we know already. Social demeanour, rather than character in action, is the author's strong point; there would have been some ground (though not aesthetically) for naming his book *Attitudes, tout court*. It has a large gallery of sometimes egregiously telling figures, and a lot of splendid dialogue. And of course great intelligence. But not as much sympathy as it could wish.

OTHER FICTION.

"A Chill in the Air," by Walter Clapham (Cape; 13s. 6d.), is more neatly and elusively "made up"—with a kind of decorated, ultra-modern realism, à la Graham Greene. Once more, we have that grimmet (in fiction) of all settings, an English sea-side resort. A wet summer is running down, and soon the illuminations will go out. Meanwhile, a blight lies everywhere: on the town, the holiday-camp, the little airfield, the big, lonely house on a hill. Jimmy, the ex-pilot, lives in a hell of "cosmic consciousness." Daphne Hart has been spellbound by the main chance. Jackson, the young butt, has worked up a hysterical need to "prove himself." As for the Teddy boy, the "withered cherub" with the scar on his lip, he is so lost as to be almost spectral. And the action culminates on a night of high gale—the night the clocks are put back. This episode could hardly be more contrived, yet it comes off. Indeed all through, the execution is much more striking than the ideas.

"The Iron King," by Maurice Druon (Hart-Davis; 15s.), opens a whole series of historical novels, to be known as "The Accursed Kings." We start off with the last months of Philip the Fair. Philip has just wound up his seven-year prosecution of the Knights Templar, and their Grand Master, Jacques de Molay, is condemned to burn alive. Out of the flames, he curses Philip's line "to the thirteenth generation." So much for the plan. This chapter features "the adulterous daughters-in-law," their betrayal and horrid fate, and the King's death. In France, we learn, it has been described as "the most absorbing book of the year." That seems hyperbolic; but it is remarkably Dumasque in scheme and spirit, and one looks forward to "The Strangled Queen," which is coming next.

"Basle Express," by Manning Coles (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), presents Tommy Hambledon of British Intelligence in a new stolen-papers yarn. To start with, his unknown sleeper-companion is shot for them on the train. Tommy and the Swiss police learn that a Frenchman was going to sell them to a Russian in a Basle café, and a gang of crooks meant to clean up. Only somehow the late Bastien got the documents. . . . But where are they now? The reader has no doubt on this point; but Tommy blithely pursues his Tyrolean holiday, and can't understand why he is always being knocked out, kidnapped, stripped to the skin, and chased naked about the countryside, in company with the fattest of Austrian special policemen. . . . I regret to say he never does guess their whereabouts; he has to be shown. But his exploits have as much gaiety as incident.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ROYAL ANCESTORS; DEBRETT, WISDEN, AND A GUIDE TO BRITAIN.

THAT able young Scottish authority on heraldry, Iain Moncreiffe, of Easter Moncreiffe, the author of "Simple Heraldry" and "Simple Custom," has scored again with "Blood Royal," illustrated by Don Pottinger (Nelson; 12s. 6d.). This gaily written and delightfully and wittily illustrated book traces the history of the monarchy from the earliest times down to to-day. For all its lightness of touch, it contains a moral which will be welcomed by ardent monarchists as well as by those who tend to take the monarchy in this, and other countries, for granted. We have a humorous but scholarly explanation of the origin of the King, as father, as priest and as governor. There is an admirable description of our present Queen's descent, of whom Captain Moncreiffe writes: "If any one of our Queen's ancestors had died in infancy—Alfred the Great, Brian 'Boru,' the Cid, Frederick Barbarossa, Constantine Porphyrogenitus—Her Majesty could never have been born." The functions of constitutional monarchy and its daily workings are admirably set out, with its timely reminder that the monarchy costs nearly 2½d. a year (or one cheap cigarette) for each member of the United Kingdom. The functions of the Royal Household and the inter-relations of the great Offices of State in connection with national pageantry are similarly and satisfyingly dealt with. Seldom can there have been a happier combination of author and illustrator, and one can only look forward with keen anticipation to whatever future books they may have in store for us.

A hardy but welcome annual, based on the heraldry which plays such a part in "Blood Royal" is "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage," edited by C. F. J. Hankinson (Odhams; 10 gns.). Mr. Hankinson's prefaces have become an annual and not unamusing commentary on matters armorial. This year he puts in a plea for the emancipation of women, whom he feels are ill-treated in the use of armorial bearings. Personally, while I see that there is a point to be made for allowing them crests (denied to them as they are an adornment to the helmet) because of the wearing of steel helmets by the women's services during the last war, I see no reason for altering the ancient rules which forbid the displaying of arms on shields and the use of mottoes. Shields are implements of war, and mottoes are a survival of the ancient war cries. Women nowadays are quite sufficiently vocal without shouting about it! One interesting point which arises is the considerable "turnover" in peerages and baronetcies. During the past five years, the peers have had a net gain of 214, even though 352 have become extinct. The baronets, during the same period, have had a net gain of 305, but during the last twenty-five years this order has been losing ground, there being eighty-eight more extinctions than new creations. I particularly like the odd requests which reach Mr. Hankinson, including the one from a film company wanting the name and address of a girl, who must be pretty, aged between seventeen and twenty-seven, and descended from Macbeth. Perhaps Captain Moncreiffe could help here.

I liked, too, the reply of the young lady whose Christian name is Juno, but who was given the title of "Esquire" in one of the 50,000 sets of proofs which are circulated each year. She wrote:

To err is human, to forgive divine,
So doth fair Juno graciously incline,
To do no more than seek apology,
For such an outrage on mythology.

Another book of reference, which comes pat with the Tests, is "Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack—1956" (Sporting Handbooks; 15s. and 17s. 6d.). All cricket lovers will approve the decision of Mr. Norman Preston, the editor, to include the splendid tribute to Sir Len Hutton by Neville Cardus under the title of "The Master." They will also echo his plea for bolder cricket. Lord Cobham, as President of the M.C.C. last year, had some hard words to say: "I do not think people will follow cricket much longer unless the game is reborn, but reborn it will be, and I think there are signs that the players will again hit the ball hard, high and often. Can we get rid of those awful bores who prod doubtfully at half-volleys and let every long hop pass by? They are the ones who are emptying our cricket grounds. We must get rid of them." Perhaps the dullest cricket ever, was last year's Tests between India and Pakistan, where for the first time in history all five Tests were drawn.

A duller title than "Britain: an Official Handbook" (H.M. Stationery Office; 15s.) it would be difficult to imagine. And indeed, the 1956 edition, despite an excellent jacket and some admirable illustrations, is as excitingly presented by the Central Office of Information as a Government White Paper on rural drainage. It is a pity, for this official handbook is packed with good meat. I can well believe the Government's claim that it forms the foundation of British reference libraries abroad, and that it provides a wealth of information not readily available elsewhere. For the statistically minded, it will be a joy, though one still is left with a feeling of regret that this valuable publication should be presented in so unnecessarily dull a manner.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WHY do certain openings catch on, whereas others just as good are widely ignored? You suddenly find yourself encountering a particular line of play everywhere. It may be quite nondescript. It may be even faulty. You may analyse it carefully and decide that, at a particular stage, a much better move should be played. You consequently rather expect this better move. In game after game you are surprised to see the inferior one come up. You wait five years, ten—at last somebody plays it. And then everyone plays it!

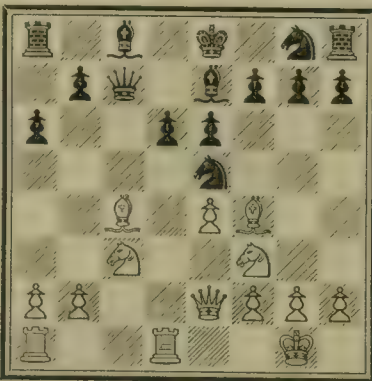
The general picture is of such waywardness that it is difficult to find a parallel. Women's fashions, in comparison, are almost mathematically predictable.

Perhaps, yes, the reception of a popular tune. . . . When I recall that Irving Berlin's "Easter Parade" was a complete flop until republished with changed words and that "Lili Marlene" when first broadcast interested no one, but repeated just once, seven years later (with exactly the same words this time!), brought some 20,000 requests within a week and swept the world within months: then I detect a parallel. I even glimpse an explanation: it is a matter of pure fancy.

This ruminative preamble is inspired by the astonishing popularity in recent months of the moves P-Q4 and (when Black replies . . . BP×QP) P-QB3 against the Sicilian Defence. I cannot believe the method is good, I get lovely games against it, but everybody plays it.

What put me in mind of this line of play (called everywhere the *Morra Gambit*, though Morra refuses to acknowledge it except where White prefaces it by 2. Kt-KB3)? The following wonderful game was kindly sent to me by Pierre Morra himself. Played by correspondence recently:

White	Black	White	Black
TILLIETTE	GIACOMELLI	TILLIETTE	GIACOMELLI
France	Italy	France	Italy
1. P-K4	P-QB4	6. B-QB4	P-K3
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	7. Q-K2	P-QR3
3. P-Q4	P×P	8. Castles	B-K2
4. P-B3	P×P	9. R-Q1	Q-B2
5. Kt×P	P-Q3	10. B-B4	Kt-K4



11. B×Kt P×B 12. B-Kt5ch
An amazing move. Black lasts five moves more!
12. . . . P×B 13. Kt×KtP Q-R4
Against 13. . . . Q-Kt1, Tilliette was prepared to play 14. QR-B1 and had analysed: 14. . . . P-B3; 15. R-B7 (15. Kt-B7ch and 16. Kt×R does not recover enough material), 15. . . . R-R3; 16. Kt×P! P×Kt; 17. Q-R5ch winning equally against 17. . . . K-B1; 18. R-Q8ch! or 17. . . . P-KKt3 by 18. Q×KP, Kt-B3; 19. R×Bch and 20. Q×Q.
14. QR-B1 P-B3 15. R-B7
Threatening 16. Q-B4!
15. . . . Q-R5 17. P-QKt3 Resigns
16. Q-Q3 P-QKt3
Justifiably!! His case is hopeless. Look:
A. 17. . . . Q×RP; 18. Q-Q8ch, K-B2 (18. . . . B×Q; 19. Kt-Q6ch, K-B1; 20. R-B7 mate); 19. Kt-Q6ch, K-Kt3; 20. Q-K8ch, etc.
B. 17. . . . Q-Kt5; 18. P-QR3, Q-R4; 19. Q-Q8ch, etc.

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- Monday, 9th July.** Important Eighteenth-Century Gold Boxes: and Works of Art by Carl Fabergé.
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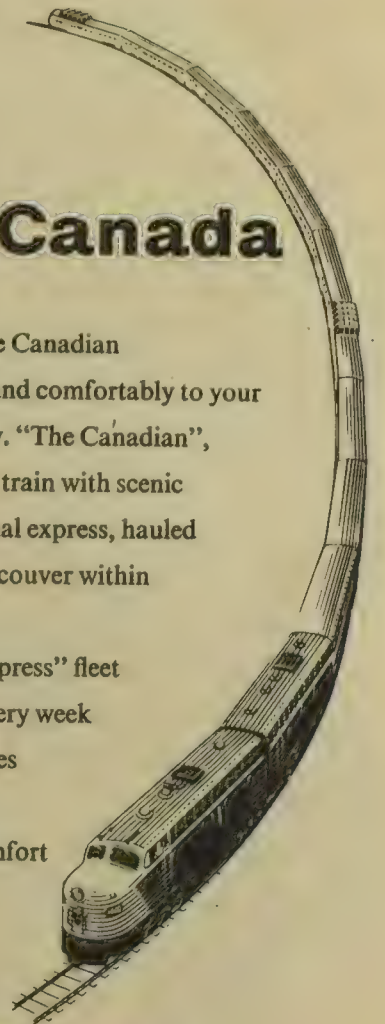


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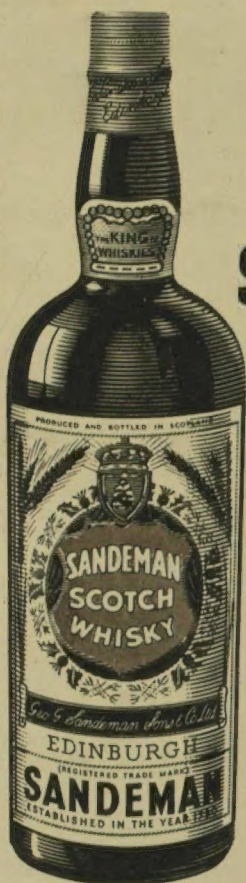
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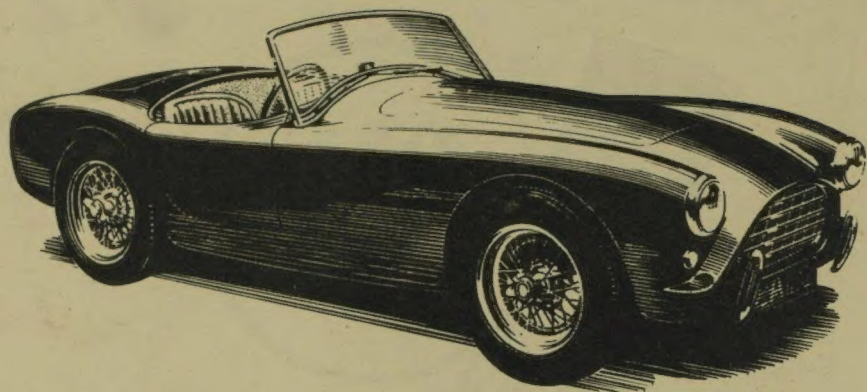
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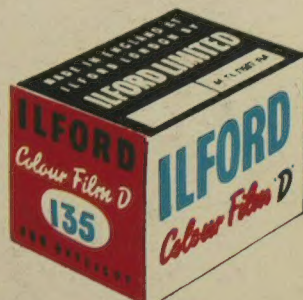
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